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## The Friend of Progress, for April,

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THE

# FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

VOL. 1.] New York, March, 1865. [No. 5.

## New Belief and Old Opinion:

*A Critical Survey of the Beliefs and Opinions of* REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY EDWARD C. TOWNE.

### CHAPTER III.

### The True Man the True Bible.

#### I.

A thoroughly renewed mind, or one truly enlightened and spiritual, constitutes plainly enough a True Man. The growth of such a mind in the knowledge of truth, and in obedience to the holy law of good will, is as evidently the development of a True Man. Mr. Beecher sets out from a simple conception of truth developed in the mind and heart of the believing soul, and teaches that in this is the true revelation, the true deposit of God's mind. He says:

"It is not what the letter holds, but what you see expressed in human life, that is the Bible to you."—(633.)

He disposes of the frequent boast that the written book has been the fountain of all the good in the Christian world, by saying:

"The Bible is the form and shadow; the church of living men is the substance and living reality."—633.) "The Bible in your house," he says further, "is not the Old Testament; it is not the New Testament.....You write your own Bible. To every man that sets up a Christian household, God says: 'I am going to reveal my grace through you.' And if you have a Bible in your family, it will be just so much of that grace as you interpret to your children and dependents."—(633.)

This living Bible he says is imperfect.

"There is in your experience an intermediate revelation (an Apocrypha) that is false—that is untrue; and your children read that living Bible, particularly the Apocrypha."

And yet he declares that it is superior to the written Bible. Thus:

"Understand, that though the Bible is of great importance, it is important merely because it is the record which points to certain qualities which exist in the soul. And when the truth of God is written in the soul, it is more glorious than the record of it can be in the Bible, as your money is of more value than a mere record of it in a book can be. The Bible only serves then as a finger-board..... You cannot understand the truths recorded in the Bible any further than they exist in your own heart. No man can understand them by hearing of them, or by reading about them in a book.....The truth simply and fully stated is this: Christian men are living Bibles known and read of all men; and they have more power, and are of more importance in the work of grace in this world, than any written Bible.

"There are many persons who shrink from such a representation. They fear that it is in some way a letting down of the Word of God. They are afraid that it is a covert form of infidelity. And where you undertake to teach a community that anything is more precious than the Bible, they say, 'If that is the beginning, what will the end be? what shall we come to? We must hold fast to the Bible, or the foundation of our faith will be gone.' And the reverent fear which men thus manifest is to be respected; but it is not intelligent, nor according to the Word of God."—(633.)

Here again is a definition of God's Word which distinctly excludes the claim ordinarily made for the Bible:

"What is God's Word? It is so much of the knowledge of himself as he has been pleased, from age to age, to pour out in the experiences of good men; and by going to that we may help ourselves to form right conceptions of him. There is nothing in the Bible that in and of itself will bring you into the presence of God."—(691.)

In our next quotation Mr. Beecher gives the distinct and positive authority of Jesus and his

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apostles for the doctrine that the substance and power of Christian revelation are in the True Man more than in the written word.

"Not the Jewish Scriptures that then were, nor the Christian Scriptures that were to be, but the living disciple, the Christian heart, our Master declared to be the light of the world—the illuminating, guiding, instructing medium of the world. And the apostles, not once, nor twice, but ten thousand times, I had almost said—more times than you can count—affirm the same thing. There was an anxiety on their part to do it, because in their day, as in ours, there was an idolatry of Scripture itself, while there was a contempt of its spiritual power. Men worshiped the Book, and despised the substance of it."—(633.)

Paul's authority in particular is thus appealed to:

"But in other passages besides this and the text, the apostle most expressly puts living Christians and God's Word into opposition and contrast. He says in the sixth verse of the very chapter from which the text is taken, 'Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the *spirit:* for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' It is as if he had said, 'I am not made to be a minister of the Book: I am made to be a minister of the living soul's experience. There is where my truth is, and there is where my work is.' And over and over again, in Galatians, and Corinthians, and other epistles, he insists upon the danger there is in adhesion to the letter, and that truth must be known by its revelation in the soul."—(633.)

The justness and significance of this appeal to Paul's declaration can fully appear only when we recall the fact that what we call the New Testament did not yet exist when Paul spoke. He contrasted the law, or old covenant, which was written, with the gospel, or new covenant, which was unwritten. He affirms the advantage of having no written new testament, the superior value and use of the unwritten testament of the spirit. He evidently had no idea that there ever would be so harmful a thing as a book pretending to shut up in itself the new covenant of the spirit, and confining, within its letter, the inquiry of the soul for God and the ministry of the truth of God. He did not suspect that this feature of Judaism, faith in the letter of a book, would finally fasten upon Christianity. He who "conferred not with flesh and blood, *neither went up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before him* (*me*)," could not conceive the possibility of such violence to the revelation of the spirit.

II.

The universal necessity of what Mr. Beecher calls "the direct teaching of the Spirit of God respecting the truths of the Bible," apart from the Bible itself, is set forth in the following:

"Before men can avail themselves of the advantages of the Bible, the power of the Holy Ghost must teach them what is the meaning of the things that it contains; it must acquaint them with all the calculations and reckonings and methods of navigation spiritual."—(633.)

That is to say, we must first of all learn by such means as God furnishes directly to our minds what are the methods of spiritual discernment and the truths of the spiritual man. Then we can use the Bible, not as the source of the truth, but to help us in the clear and developed conception of truth. As in the case of other books, we are not to accept ideas because we find them written, but because we judge them true in themselves apart from the book.* Hardly even will the book suggest them to us until they have been suggested in the action of our own minds in the course of spiritual development. And if it does first suggest them, they must come before us, not with the authority of this suggestion, but with that authority of truth in which the spirit alone can clothe ideas.

Deceive ourselves as much as we may in the name of religion and the Bible, we really have a knowledge of divine truth only when our own minds are spiritually renewed and we are in ourselves spiritually convinced. It is necessary to know what is the true method and genuine product of the renewed mind. It is essential to comprehend the general features and practical application of the law of pure faith. We have no other means of discerning the mind of God, in the mass of doctrine set forth in the so-called "Holy Scriptures," than is given us in the direct judgment of truth. To perfect and fully employ this power of direct judgment, according to the soundest rules of judgment yet known, is the utmost that we can accomplish. This one thing alone will serve our progress in the knowledge of divine truth, to exercise the powers of the renewed mind in the immediate intuition of fundamental beliefs. In the words of Mr. Beecher, we get "nearer to absolute truth" in proportion as we are "luminous in our nobler nature."

The possible and probable increase of reve-

* "Foolish as this would be, it is wisdom itself, compared with the treatment given to the Bible. *A guide-book is meant only to lead a man to the thing described. Then its use ends. His judgment should be determined, not by the book, but by the thing itself.*"—(567.)

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lation apart from the Bible, Mr. Beecher anticipates in the following passage:

"If we had the glasses to see, if we had the culture to discern wondrous visions, I think we should have revelations of God that would infinitely transcend any that we now have.

"Robinson, of Puritan memory, said that we were to be prepared for great accessions of knowledge out of God's Word. Yes, literally *out* of God's Word. *It is not so much by a study of the mystery of God's Word, as it is by holiness of our moral nature, and by putting ourselves in such a situation that God can teach us through our moral intuition, that we are to come to divine knowledge. We are to learn the revealed truth, by experience rather than by study.* The Holy Ghost has much more to teach this world than it yet knows; but there must be simplicity, purity, and childlike and unreserved consecration, on the part of every soul that would attain a complete knowledge of all that is in store for him. Every such soul must say, day and night, 'Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.' And then heaven will open, and God will come forth and manifest himself, and abide with that soul, and that soul will abide with him."—(711.)

Mr. Beecher prescribes the conditions which relate to the interior disposition of the soul in access to God. He has largely fulfilled these, as also many humbler believers have done. But the conditions which relate to the action of the mind in rightly thinking inward revelation are no less important, although Mr. Beecher does not allude to them, and certainly does not seem, in our judgment, to have ever given them any attention.

He surely does not need to be reminded that there is no magical impression of distinct statements in spiritual revelation. The divine influence aids the action of our faculties. It aids us largely when our dispositions do not preclude such aid. It aids to clear and definite results when the action of our minds permits such aid. But unless we take great pains to reflect on what is borne into our minds, we may at one time utter a new truth from God under a deep consciousness of divine inspiration, and at another time repeat from old opinion a notion which flatly contradicts the new truth. For some reason Mr. Beecher illustrates this, and not once or twice, but frequently. He has failed to purify his ideas by the expulsion of all those traditional opinions which cannot consist with his deepest and best convictions. Wherever the difficulty lies in Mr. Beecher, it is at least certain that revelation is invariably hindered whenever the deeply inspired believer falls of those exercises of the mind by which the suggestions of the spirit are reduced to definite form and set forth in their full force and in their true relation to existing ideas. Serious, ordered, earnest, and of course free thought, is essential to the increase of revelation outside of the Bible.

How it has been and inevitably will be with the Bible in the hands of the truest students of truth Mr. Beecher tells us in these words:

"Do you know that the inside of the Bible has been subject to the outside, ever since it has been a record? Where there is a truth that has its appropriate sphere in this world, and the Bible speaks of it, men may interpret the Scriptures as they please. They that study the truth, as God made it, outside of the Bible—they are conditioned to study it aright."—(628.)

III.

We add here two or three things which the reader will find significant.

In the following Mr. Beecher is very distinct and very transcendental. No doubt Nature *is* God's book, while the Bible is strictly man's.

"There are many persons who think that the only work that God ever did was to make the Bible. When we talk to them about studying God, they say, 'We must go to his revelation.' But is the Bible the only revelation of God? Did he not make the heavens and the earth? Did he not make mankind and society? And is he not revealing, every single day, his glory in the heavens, and his hand-work on the earth? All that is bright and sweet, all that is attractive and noble, in this world, is a revelation of God. I do not believe that any man can carry a book in his pocket that shall be a complete revelation of God. Let men employ the Bible to learn how to interpret Nature, that other and greater revelation of God, and thereafter Nature will be to them an omnipresent Bible.....No man can lose his Bible till he has lost his world, who has his teachings of the written Book sanctified by the aspects of Nature, and the changing events of life and society. We must have a broader culture, or we cannot have a broader piety.—(705.)

"The apostle says that God's eternal power and godhead are written in Nature; and we go to Nature, and see the mountains, the forests, the sun, and the stars, but we cannot tell what they are designed to teach. These things are God's primal revelation, to which I believe the textual is to go back in the end. When we are capable of comprehending it, we shall go back to Nature as our highest authority in things divine."—(603.)

In the following Mr. Beecher is absurdly orthodox, not to say painfully so. The action of his mind does not seem to go beyond intrepid determination. He has no knowledge, no definite idea except to stoutly profess what he imagines himself challenged to maintain. As an illustration of Mr. Beecher's scholarship, and of his vain attempts at orthodoxy, this passage is particularly worthy of note:

"I do not, however, shrink from the minutest investigation of sacred writ; and if a man asks me, 'Do you suppose the sun and moon ever stood still?' I reply, that I suppose there was a phenomenon which is appropri-

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ately described in those words. I believe unquestionably that there was, at the time referred to, an appearance like that of the standing still of the sun and moon. What was the cause of that appearance I neither know nor care to know. Whether the earth stood still, or whether the planetary bodies stood still, or whether some other optical effect was produced, is a matter of no moment."—(567.)

The exact fact, the minutest investigation of which Mr. Beecher does not shrink from, will appear if we quote the words of the Hebrew story:

"Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it, or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man; for the Lord fought for Israel."—Joshua x: 12–14.

If Mr. Beecher can take the terms of this account and candidly deny that the writer intended to relate a literal delay of the sun to go down, he must at least explain that denial with more regard to sense and fact than our quotation shows. He cannot stop with an indefinite belief in some sort of "optical effect." Loose talk about "the earth" and "the planetary bodies," when there is a question of whether the *sun* stood still, indicates that there is a good deal which he "neither knows nor cares to know," or rather, knowing, neither heeds nor cares to heed. But how does it happen that Mr. Beecher, being clearly of the opinion that the revelation of God is chiefly in the soul, and is not primarily to be learned even out of the whole Bible, should make himself responsible for the infallibility of a scrap of Hebrew story out of the book of Jasher? The simple explanation is that he has gone back for the moment to his old opinion, with a desperate desire to seem orthodox.

## Chapter IV.

### The Bible a Human Book.

#### I.

Some months after Chapter III was written, in April, 1863, in No. 756 of the *Independent*, Mr. Beecher published a sermon setting forth his views on the question of the Bible. This sermon furnishes material for fresh criticism, for the reason especially that it throws wide open the doors of Mr. Beecher's mind, and proves beyond a question that the old opinion has no longer an abiding-place with him. The first passage here given is second in the order of our quotations, but with this exception we follow the order of the sermon.

The examination to which the labors of Colenso contributed a fresh interest, is spoken of by Mr. Beecher in the following terms:

"We are living in a time when the Bible is becoming an object of close examination. Our religious journals are full of notices of books, criticisms, discussions, doubts, and apprehensions, on the subject of the Bible. If the history of the book had not been what it has for eighteen hundred years, I might have some apprehension; but the Bible has been going through, substantially, such an ordeal as it is now going through, ever since it had an origin. Nevertheless, nothing is more common than that, when there is a fresh examination or assault of the Bible, the faith of some is undermined, the confidence of many is shaken, and not a few give themselves up to levity, and, glad to throw off moral restraint, exclaim that the end of this book has arrived, and that henceforth men are to be released from priestcraft based upon its authority."

It is a poor shift to insinuate that when the old opinion of the Bible is renounced, it is chiefly skeptics and immoral persons who pour through the breach into the broad fold of freedom. Mr. Beecher knows very well that it is the believers who can no longer admit that the Bible is a miraculous book.

On another point Mr. Beecher is not less wrong in this passage. The Bible has not been undergoing examination during eighteen hundred years. Even Mr. Beecher would be puzzled to tell what examination it was subjected to before the rise of modern criticism. The Bible is to-day undergoing an examination in the high court of progressive faith in spiritual things, the like of which has never taken place, and, by the testimony at least of Mr. Beecher, its claim as an authoritative letter must be set aside. It will be dismissed to its own place at the head of wonderful books, to be used as other literatures are, for suggestion and assistance in the search for divine truth, while to the True Man will be granted absolute freedom to find the mind of God by communion with the Spirit and study, and to follow or depart from the terms of all books whatsoever. If Mr. Beecher should continue to intimate that the present question of the claims of the Bible, and the present affirmation of the superiority of the unwritten testament of the Spirit, merely revive former spasms of skepticism and wickedness, he will find himself unpleasantly compromised with

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statements which he has the best reason to know are utterly contrary to fact. These light untruths of preaching, which give a flavor of orthodoxy to Mr. Beecher's discourses, bring no credit to his wider ministry among the inquiring friends of new belief.

Mr. Beecher continues:

"It will be observed that the Scriptures spoken of in this passage must needs be the Old Testament Scriptures; because the New Testament was not then extant..... You will observe that it is declared that these Scriptures were inspired of God. *It is nowhere explained what inspiration means.* There is no theory or philosophy propounded of it in any part of the sacred books. It is manifest that it is a divine influence, an inbreathing of God, upon those who wrote: but the theories of inspiration are modern and human. We may take it as stated in general, that the sacred books were composed and given to the church under the divine direction or influence.

"It once being conceded that the contents of the Bible are truths, *it makes no difference whether they were inbreathed upon martyrs and prophets, or whether these martyrs and prophets found them out of their own accord.* For the truth is of God, whether it be found out miraculously, or from natural causes; whether it be found out through science, or through processes of economy. The authority of truth is that it is true. It is unquestionably the case that there may be exigencies in which whether a thing is true or not will be largely determined by the question of its origin; but there is no dispute in respect to the great moral and spiritual truths of the Bible."

Before there was a New Testament at all, the doctrine of Inspiration was in the full vigor of development. It was originally a Jewish opinion that the Jewish ancient literature had a divine origin. This opinion is singularly inconsistent with sound reason and sound faith. The results of this so-called "inspiration" are in several cases absurdly inconsistent with the claim that these Hebrew writers enjoyed the special guidance of the Holy Ghost. And it is impossible, with any adequate faith in the living presence of God, to think for a moment that other great masters of religious teaching and life, such as Luther and Wesley, have been less recipient than Hebrew seers of the inspiring influence of the Holy One. Whenever the question shall be fairly examined, it will appear beyond dispute that these ancient masters of inspiration were great only as the so-called uninspired masters of literature have been great, with the advantages of their times and genius, and not less within the limits of these, drawing from the fountain at which all have freely drawn.

And even if Hebrew teachers do lead the progress of the race in the knowledge of divine things, they do this with no advantage from the inspiring Spirit not enjoyed by the true and wise seekers of all times and all peoples. Interference from God is no more needed to explain David and Isaiah than to explain Homer and Socrates. And the former bear the marks of the common resort of humanity to the common source of inspiration just as truly as do the latter. But more than all beside, the Eternal Spirit of Truth has a claim which utterly forbids and derides the notion that we are to depend on these Jews for divine teaching. Our faith in the efficient influence and adequate providence of Deity compels us to deny the special divine authority, however devoutly we may adhere to the use, of the Hebrew Scriptures. It is not by following their words, but by exercising the virtues and faculties which open our minds to the Spirit of Truth, that we can attain our measure of divine wisdom. Though it be little by little, it is necessary for us to grow in grace and truth by diligent study of the unwritten testament of the living Spirit. The best conviction we can attain of spiritual things is our best foundation of belief.

What Paul and Peter said of the Inspiration of the Old Testament is an opinion which suggests, but does not settle, the question of the Bible. We are free to differ with them, and are bound to discriminate between pure belief in their minds and old Jewish opinion. And on this question, as Mr. Beecher tells us, all the statements are indefinite. Therefore he goes beyond them in saying that "the sacred books were composed and given to the church under the divine direction or influence," unless he asserts this in the sense in which it is true of all writings which are providentially the means of great good to mankind. No doubt Mr. Beecher in his own mind accepts the statement in this proper sense, but his lips assert it in the orthodox sense, and he undoubtedly intends the words to pass for orthodox. The duplicity of the preacher!

All that Mr. Beecher says of the authority of the truths contained in the Bible, though he halts between his sound belief and his orthodox opinion, only needs to be pressed to its full meaning to destroy the so-called Christian pretense that the Bible is a Rule which gives authority to the texts it contains.

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Carefully excluding all unspiritual notions on the one hand, and on the other recognizing that what "prophets find out of their own accord" is in fact by inspiration from the Eternal Omnipresent Spirit who is the Truth of all truths, the Reason of all reasons, and the Providence of all lives, we cannot fail to see that the only thing to be insisted on is that truth presented itself to the minds of the ancient seers, in its own authority merely, as it presents itself to all men, in proportion as they severally had the disposition and capacity to receive it, and that in like manner truth comes to men now, and is variously accepted by them, without regard to the claims of any book.

II.

In the passage which follows Mr. Beecher tells some plain truths in regard to what is called "God's Holy Word."

"Consider, in the first place, what this Bible is—for our education leads us into a chronic misconception of it. We speak of it as if it were one book, symmetric and related in all its parts like a book from any single mind. But *the Bible is made up of fifty-seven separate books.* They were written by thirty-six different writers, living hundreds of years apart, speaking different languages, being subject to different governments and different institutions, and having no knowledge of each other's work. These fifty-seven separate books or tracts have been gathered up, and *the binders have made them one—that is all.* There is a moral coherence about them, there is a central moral unity to them; but as objective existences they are made to be one by the simple circumstance of juxtaposition. The writings of Jeremiah have no more relation to the writings of Moses than in the line of succession the writings of the latest chemists have to the writings of the earliest. Those of the latest include all that there was in those of the earliest; and they have the unity which consists in having the same truths in some part; but *that unity is an accidental or providential one.*

"Consider how men reason about the Bible. *They say that it contradicts itself. They say that it lacks the marks of a divine work.* Consider that it is not one book, like a book on the constitution of the globe, like a book on the laws of a government, or like any other book composed by one mind. It is not a book according to the modern way in which books are made. On the contrary, it is *the religious works that appeared for thousands of years.* It is all the religious literature of ages. It is the religious light that was developed in the world through long periods, *brought together merely for convenience.* There might be fifty-seven separate volumes instead of one..... Time performed its greatest exploits between the beginning and the ending of this so-called one book.

"It is necessary, then, that we should come to the examination of Scripture bearing these facts in mind. We are to remember that it is not the production of a single author. We are to take into consideration its remarkable relations to time. We are not to forget how it comes to be gathered up and formed into one volume. And if it should be found, upon examination, that parts of the Bible are not to be held, it would not invalidate the book; because *it is one book only by accident.*

"It has been said by a great many that the book of Esther is not a religious book. The name of God is not mentioned in it. It is the history of an Oriental dispensation; and an extraordinary history it is. Many declare that the Canticles are but the love-songs of Solomon, and cannot be justly claimed to be religious books. Then suppose these were to be slipped out of the Bible. Many would say, 'Now, where is your Bible?'

"Well, suppose you have a package of twenty-five titles and deeds, and suppose, as you look them over, you find among them the record of a journey to Androscoggin, and you say, 'That came here by accident,' and throw it out; and suppose your son, sitting by, should say, 'Father, if that is not genuine, how do you know that the rest are?' The fact that by mistake a paper that does not belong there gets into the bundle, does not destroy the validity of the papers that are in it which do belong there. Each paper stands on its own merit. And because you put a strap around the whole, they are not so connected that if you take some out those that are left are good for nothing. And binder's leather about the Bible does not make all the books of it so one that if you impair the authority of any you impair the authority of the others. You might take out Esther—I should not like to lose it; you might take out the Songs of Solomon—they are very good where they are; but that would not change the validity of the Psalms of David, nor alter the genuineness of the prophets, nor take away the authenticity of the evangelists; for these do not derive any authority or power from the fact that they stand together, and they do not lose any authority or power because any one of the books with which they are bound is shown to be unworthy of a place in the record.

"I am not speaking as though I thought that any of the books of the Bible should be withdrawn; but, putting the case in the strongest light, if it were true that certain parts of the Old or New Testament should be found to be false, the Bible, as it is constructed, would not be invalidated. Bishop Colenso thinks he has shown that there are mistakes in the writings of Moses. Very likely. And suppose it should be shown that Moses did not write them at all, what then? It would be shown, that is all. And suppose they should be taken out of the Bible, what then? They would be taken out, that is all. And how would it be with those that were left? Why, they would be left, that is all."

Mr. Beecher virtually says, to the objection that the Bible contradicts itself, "That's

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nothing; it is only a so-called Bible." He avers that the Book is not invalidated; he is stoutly orthodox so far; but the reason he gives is that the Book is no book at all! "Bible" is Greek for book; the Bible is simply the Book. Mr. Beecher says there is no book. Of course, then, as this makes it, there is no Bible. Moreover, the least that orthodoxy can demand is that we believe that God did cause these works to become a book, and did ordain that this book should be the Book. Mr. Beecher avoids giving up the question by putting on a bold face and saying that there is no question. He means that this evasion shall have the effect of a triumphant answer. Then he protests that he does not give up the Bible, though asserting that really there is no Bible. He tries to meet the case on the side of orthodoxy by this worthless protest that he stands by the binders to the last. He will probably find that the book the binders made will not answer to pass off as the Bible the Holy Ghost made. But the evident fact that this Book of books, rare and precious as it is, is a human book, made by men, under Providence, and no miracle work, must stand indubitable.

The subject is further pursued by Mr. Beecher in the following significant passage:

"Consider, also, the method of making the Bible. The light and the instruction which was vouchsafed to the best men in any age, was drawn up into a record; and that record represented the ripest truth to which the human mind had attained in religious ideas in that age. But we should never forget that *as everything in this world is subject to development, so is revelation itself;* that as the truth could not come much faster than the human mind could receive it, the early revelations of truth, being addressed to the yet undeveloped moral sense of the world, were comparatively scant; and that there has been a constant augmentation of light from the beginning down to the present.

"The truth of the earlier books of the Bible, then, were *relative to the age in which they were written*, and they do not profess to contain the whole truth, but only as much as had been revealed in that age. They must, therefore, stand related to us differently from what those do which have been written since.

"The geography that I studied when I was a child would do me but little good now. I have outgrown it. And yet it was true, every word of it, and it was suited to my wants. Clothes that fit a child now he will soon outgrow. And truths that are revealed in the infancy of the race will not be adequate to its wants after it has advanced beyond a certain point. It will soon grow so as to require other and different truths. And in the history of mankind later periods will find—what? that what was revealed to the earlier periods was not true? No; but that it was only partial truth; that it was adapted to the special wants of those earlier periods, and that they now stand related to men differently from what they did at first."

Partial truth! Indeed! This means, unfortunately, partly true, and partly *not* true, but *false*. God did not tell nursery stories to Moses and play at truth with David. The foolish in Genesis *is* foolish. The bad in the Psalms *is* bad. The obscene and vile in Hebrew history is no better there than in Shakspeare. When Abraham lied he *lied*. When Jacob was a scoundrel he was just that. This imaginative nursery stuff, which is a great point in Mr. Beecher's theology, is simply nonsense.

As to how the Bible was made, we do not know what was left out of it. All we know is that these works survived, and as precious relics were collected. They were wholly human works, more or less pervaded by the errors of their times, and of necessity the world has very much outgrown them. Mr. Beecher sees this, but the miserable necessity of keeping on some terms with orthodox opinion compels him to take refuge in a conception which is utterly unwarranted.

III.

Mr. Beecher closes his argument by telling what the Bible was meant to do for us. First, he says:

"It was necessary to teach us that we had some relation to essential wickedness in man. It was needful to interpret the misery to which we are subjected, by some authentic statement of moral causation. It sprang from the imperfection of the human mind, and from the sin that flowed out of that imperfection. The explanation of this is indispensable to us, and nothing could ever take it out of the Bible."

The idea of Mr. Beecher seems to be that we could not understand that imperfection led to sin, and sin brought misery, without the Biblical statement; and that the fixed position of this statement in the Bible proves it a special "Word of God." So far from this being the case, some of the Biblical statements are erroneous in the sense of their authors, and in the sense put upon them by theology have been fruitful of mischief. And if it were true that the Biblical statement is of supreme importance, this would not prove the Bible a special revelation. Grand representative statements of truth are scattered through-

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out the literatures of the world. They come from God to the minds of true men in all ages. It is a poor thought of God which leads one to say that a great truth implies that he has specially interfered to drop it into the mind of the teacher or hero.

In the second place:

"The Bible also proposes to teach us the divine disposition and will respecting sinful man. It reveals to us the lenity and amenities of God. The most important thing that the world ever learned, is that God, the just Judge, is a God of love; that while he looks upon transgression with hatred and abhorrence, he looks upon the transgressor with sorrow and yearning; and that while he forbids sins, he so forbids it as to rescue the sinner by the revelation in God's Word of the disposition of God to heal, and not to slay; to recover, and not renounce; to restore, and not to punish."

If there is one thing which the Spirit of Truth has taught, *in spite of* the supposed teaching of the Bible, it is the true doctrine of the real effect of God's justice. Goodness in this form has been made to mean eternal punishment. The Old Testament was made to mean grace for us Hebrews. The New Testament is still made to mean grace for us Christians. To those "out of Christ" God is made a perfect devil. The best words even of the New Testament have been wrested to the support of the worst doctrine, the doctrine that evil possesses souls and that the devil will get them at last, with God's judicial consent, if not by his executive act.

No, the Bible has not in fact taught the true goodness of God. Some of its writers did not intend to teach the real and pure goodness of absolute fatherhood. They taught only a goodness which waited for the soul to come into a relation to the Messiah, a truly Jewish goodness. John in his letters, loving as he is, has a Boanerges good will to *curse* those who do not say with him that Jesus is the Christ. The thing has gone on through the Christian ages, and still the curse is taught quite as much as the grace. Deniers of regular doctrine have forced the dogmatists to modify their position little by little, but it is no thanks to the Bible that we do not all believe still that God is horribly evil to souls "out of Christ."

Mr. Beecher's third point is the moral precepts of Jesus. Let it be granted that Jesus spake these words with a tone unknown to the world, yet their sentiment of love to God and love to man has been equally suggested to other teachers by the Spirit of Truth. It was no property of Jesus, much less of the books which record his utterances.

And besides the grand common-places of the Holy Ghost which Jesus reiterated, we find recorded maxims of his whose original fitness was within the narrowest limits and during the brief continuance of Messianic expectations which his death destroyed. Had Jesus not had the "will" which he did not find the will of God, the will to expect a kingdom for himself living on earth, somewhat as the Jews did, he would never have uttered words which his supposed godhead has compelled eighteen centuries to forgive, such as those about the dividing and cursing when the Son of man should come, but which no true believer can live by. Had he known the world beyond the valleys of Galilee and the streets of Jerusalem, he would have expanded sentiments which no one pretends to adopt. The divinity of maxims which it is a virtue to obey in the spirit only, can hardly be maintained. The godhead displayed in saying things which all agree in not heeding, is surely questionable. As to the book which records what Jesus said, it is simply a history; it cannot possibly be made a God's Book by having these sayings in it.

Mr. Beecher's fourth point is that "the Bible reveals and inspires the hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave." But let us be honest. Do we really owe our hope to the Bible more than to the teaching of the Providence and Spirit of God? Does the book shut up in itself the chief fountain of this faith? Does the Bible teach as much as we believe on this great head?

Mr. Beecher has answered these questions already. God himself, by the discipline of life and his inspiration of our hearts, teaches us the hope of heaven. The book does not and cannot contain the answer our hearts need. It must come to us directly from the Father of souls, and it does so come. God has taught believers more than the Bible could teach them. A blessed immortality in a lake of fire! Blessed with the curse of the judging Christ!

We have given a spiritual meaning to words which originally referred to the expected return of the saints with Messiah to dwell on the earth, and found much more in the New Testament than it really teaches. Not to speak of Jesus, and his "will" to have a kingdom not designed for him in the will of

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God, all the early Christian teachers had Jewish notions of the future. Paul even held to the speedy second coming of Jesus with the saints. It was indeed with so much freedom and such vigorous grasp of spiritual realities, that most of his teaching, though shaped to give a Jewish sense, admits a spiritual meaning, and is in fact luminous with the expectation that this meaning may be the only true one. Mr. Beecher will know a great deal more than he knows now before he will be able to prove the divinity of the Bible by its teaching upon the subject of the future state of man. It proves its *use* as a book of Plato's does—no otherwise—by the valuable truth which it contains, but there is nothing in it to prove that it should not stand with other literatures, and serve the wants of man just as other books do.

The conclusion of the matter may be set down in the words with which we close our list of quotations from Mr. Beecher on this topic:

"Lastly, let none be alarmed lest the Bible shall lose ground. *It would not make any difference if you took away half of it.* Do you suppose that when the cluster is crushed it is gone and lost? Its juice goes to wine, and is saved. You are not going to crush the Bible to do anything more than to turn it into wine. Its external form may be changed, the mere historical methods by which its teachings were communicated to men may be modified; but in so far as it is a vehicle of real truths, it will endure, and you cannot prevent it.

"Let scholars, then, to whom this inquiry appropriately belongs, conduct their investigations. *Let the shell, the rind, the crust of Scripture, take its fate.* It will come out right in the end. Meanwhile, that which is the essential thing in the Word of God—its power to cleanse the heart, and change the life, and prepare the soul for immortality—is yours. Take that; try it; follow it."

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—Let no tradition or superstition bind thee. It is not in accordance with thy progressive nature to hold fast to things which are behind thee. Thou must look upward, never backward. Thy light and all illumination comes to thee from above. Are not the sun, moon, and stars, in the heavens above thee? Those that are under thy feet, beneath the earthly level, are unseen by thee. Seest thou no wisdom in this outward truth? Behold thy light shall come from above thee. Then when thou hast the great central sun within thee, why look back to distant ages for light?

When thou can drink daily wisdom which fits thy being as a garment, why go back hundreds or thousands of years in order to get garments made for others to wear? Oh superstition! when wilt thou leave the mind of man?—LINTON.

## Humanity and the Redemptive Agencies.

BY C. D. B. MILLS.

Near as at all moments our relations are to Nature, with her ten thousand forms of presence, still more near and intimate are they to human kind. We belong to humanity and humanity to us. We are any of us individual but in part; we rest in this bosom and draw of this life, and through the social connections and dependencies is the realization of individual growth, freedom, personality, first made possible. All else is more dispensable to us; we can part with sky and possession and every scene, but cut off from the breath of human presence we wither and die.

There is something very vital to us in the touch of the human; it infuses us with new life to know man, especially in conditions like or one with our own. We never weary of observing our fellows; we mark them interestedly and follow them everywhere under all their phases, and in every possible course of their behavior. The daily news sheet comes laden with the day-by-day incidents, the experience and doing of men, much of it ephemeral enough, but all eyes are continually athirst to read it. The story of human living is never told, and through endless iteration we listen with eager ear to the last. Personal biography has great charm; how it pleases to know how this or the other one has borne himself, what he has wrought, and under what conditions. We enjoy to penetrate to the inner privacy of living, to gather up all the incidents and most casual experiences, especially when the discourse is of some marked or eminent individual.

We note with steady interest all the variations. Man is himself so dual, so made up of essence and form, of eternity and time, that he loves to see at once the same and the different, the infinite many and the unchanging one. So the faces in the street flit by innumerable, yet not one of them all goes unmarked in the eye. Curiously we peer into each, noting the several peculiarities, how this one is distinguished, how all differ yet resemble and testify their ground in a common type. And the millionth instance has still its charm for us; it brings a new sight, new facts, presents a fresh suggestion or wakes an old remembrance. We never learn here to satiety; but always seek for more. Humanity

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becomes to us a sort of infinite volume where every day we turn over and read a new leaf.

Portrait likenesses draw all eyes to their study. We pore over them intent, and never satisfied. We delight to ascend by them into the foretime, to see before us the form and glow and conscious life of periods buried and gone, individual characteristic of eye and every feature as they were, but long since are not. An indescribable enchantment fastens here—we are fixed and awed. The fleeting stands embalmed, past is here, a breath touches, a glance illumines; we are carried back over long distances of separation to the inextinguishable fact of human presence. The little child drinks in the picture that brings some scene of Nature; he gazes curiously upon sky and landscape, upon tree and flower and every moving thing, with careful look he scans and takes it all; but how the interest rises and eye glistens the moment a man comes to view. The picture is not complete before; there is a fatal lack in every circle till he appears. So in cases of accident or terrible calamity; how the sympathies become more intense, and the heart yearns to succor as we learn that a fellow-being suffers and is lost.

We have need of incarnations, living expressions of the ideal truths, coming in a form germane and cognate to ourselves, speaking to us with penetrating emphasis. These are in the human; here is the radiant symbolism of the divine. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. A vital effluence goes out from all human presence and conduct. It permeates subtile as the imponderable forces. What power dwells and plays in the face! The eye-beam is electric—it kindles. A radiant look, a smile of tenderness and love has saved a soul ready to perish; it unbars all prison-doors, and makes the world fresh and new. A word of lofty cheer coming to one in the midst of deep loneness and heaviness, such as will sometimes gather in long periods of isolation, will drive off the spell and the specters, and lift to sunlight again. The inordinate thirst for visiting which so widely prevails, has some ground of occasion at least in the fact of the exhilaration from contact of face with face. People feel oppressed with the dullness of their routine and common-place at home, and go abroad to be liberated by their neighbors. There is great tonic effect from assembling in congregation. Though no word be spoken, all feel upborne and quickened from the exchanged eye-glances and the atmosphere of social presence.

A true human fact, an example of character—like a breath of air amid sultry heats, it fans and refreshes. The matchless *naivet*, the sweet love and trust of childhood, is a light to the eye and a voice to the heart. Any great quality depicted in the face, as fortitude, magnanimity, supreme repose, awakens not our admiration only, but emulation—excites inward thirst to possess it. Every genuine worker coming before us is a baptismal influence for strength. Seen spirit of industry stimulates to be industrious, large performance, unlimited devotion, possession and cheer inoculate us for accomplishment, consecration, and high sunny living. In every line of work there are such incitements. These are among the means of grace for the soul. The follower of art is essentially helped by access to artists. The scholar draws warmth and nourishment from converse with scholars, and the practitioner of whatever trade or calling from them of like pursuit. Those of the same age, or who have had like experiences and fortunes, are much to each other. Who has not noticed with deep delight the interest and refreshment with which very old persons meet and converse together? So there are the various guilds and unions, art-unions, trades-unions, associations of science, associations founded on common nativity, farmers' clubs, &c., each properly a church of itself, with its ministrations and sacraments, its enrichments of fellowship and inspiration for the individual member.

Richer communions come as the fellowship goes deeper. For one occupied in a field of labor quite distinctive and special to himself, where he stands greatly withdrawn and alone, to find at length a brother-dweller there, is a grand priceless privilege. The choicer the plane, the finer the attainment, the deeper the life, so much the more rare indeed is companionship, but also the more rich, precious, and vivifying. The days or hours few and far between, hardly perhaps twice repeated in the life of any, when he may have met his soul's mate, one whose thought answered full to his thought, whose experience had run parallel with his own, who shared the same tastes and loves, living in the same world, knowing the same hindrances and thirsting for the same goal, another and yet a higher

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self—such hours are signal and memorable evermore. They remain among the starry recollections of all the years. Going abroad has in this way its value; it shows us others as they are in their ways of living and doing, serves us with hints and impulse, and may give us the opportunity of some rare fellowship.

The performances of history, expecially the high deeds, are a perpetual baptism. We fall dull and drowsy in the midst of our isolation and routine, and we read passages of biography that stir us up. Some anecdote or reminder of a great quality or illustrious deed in a departed saint will disenchant us, and warm us for energy and manly action. The *acta sanctorum* are an essential agency for the use of the church in all ages. We are similarly affected by contemplating any great work, some master-piece of accomplishment. It admonishes us of the capacity of man, and beckons us to go and do likewise. Reading a good book is at times powerfully tonic. It seems to dilate the mental capacity; the thoughts warm, flow free and fruitful, and we are anointed and girt up for work. We are invigorated both by the thought and the performance.

Some of the brief pointed characterizations we find of particular names are charms and vital touch to the spirit. As when we read of Socrates, "so completely master of himself that he never chose the agreeable instead of the good, so discerning that he never failed in distinguishing the better from the worse; in short just the best and happiest man possible." Or the declaration ascribed to Xanthippe, that amid all the mutations, "myriad changes befalling both them and the State, she saw the countenance of Socrates always the same, going out and coming in." Spinoza, "perfect master of his passions," and "in his life was mirrored the unclouded clearness and exalted serenity of the perfected sage."

So, too, particular qualities or admirable characteristics of temperament or conduct. It invigorates to read of the strict method and punctuality of Kant. He had his work laid out carefully for every day and every hour of the day. He was always punctual to the exact moment, and year in and year out the afternoon walk in the linden grove was taken from precisely thirty minutes after three. The good people of the neighborhood might have set their watches by him. Undividedness of devotion, supreme concentration upon the chosen work, such that no interruption can divert, the loudest noise not heard. Hegel finished his first great work on the Phenomenology of the Mind "amid the cannon's thunder of the battle of Jena." Copernicus alone with his miserable wooden instruments, "on which the lines were often marked only with ink," solving the riddle of the heavens, is a perpetual preacher of encouragement and assurance to every man who, under narrow limitations and with scantiest resources, is working on to noble ends.

Some of the old Greek sages astonish us for their sobriety, manly wisdom, and superlative repose. Too poor often to own place where to lay their head, they were rich, sufficed with least; the universe their possession and home. Diogenes, destitute of all, yet had all, and there was nothing he could name in the gift of Alexander to render, save to stand out of his sunshine. Of the Elean sage there comes down no biography; hardly a circumstance of his life can be told; yet the voice of all antiquity is unanimous in admiration for him, and the expression, "A Life like Parmenides" became a proverb among the Greeks. Of Zeno of Cittium, the monument erected in his honor in the Ceramicus, recites in simple word that his life had been in unison with his philosophy. The supply of his table was figs, bread, and honey; he lived a stranger to disease, and followed steadily virtue as his supreme and only good.

Courage inspires courage, and there is no impression made upon men so commanding as that wrought by sublime bravery. It exalts and renews the strength to read of Fichte delivering his famous *Address to the German Nation*, in the winter of 1807–8, "while a French Marshal was Governor of Berlin, and while his voice was often drowned by the hostile tumults of the enemy through the streets." And we are touched instinctively with admiration of that presence evinced in standing for two consecutive hours before his class, discoursing of the loftiest and most abstract themes of human speculation, directly from the bedside of her he cherished most of all on earth, over whom he had watched with intensest solicitude through the day, and hardly hoping that on his return he might find her still alive. The martyr's blood is in all ages the seed of the church, an there are no passages of history so grand and imperishable as those which tell in simp

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story the experiences and conquests of the suffering heroes, who, through fire, or in dungeons, or on crosses, have perfected their testimony and gone up to heaven. The death of Socrates, of Phocion, of Jesus—these and their like are among the eternal potences, an exhaustless spring of subduing and life-giving power in the world.

We are similarly or perhaps more decisively affected by like facts in the sphere of our own knowledge or observation. It always tones up and incites us to know of a very methodic, thorough man—a very prompt man, a very temperate, poised, serene man—of a very *true* man. Who has not felt his soul thrill and blood tingle some time, in sight of an example of lofty personality and character, or some single fact of magnanimity, or love, or justice, that has come across his path?

The anecdotes of great men have signal worth. Carefully these bits of personal history are gathered up, told from mouth to mouth, and carried from age to age. We like to see how they bore themselves amid their surroundings, how they met and made provision for the primal necessities, how they wrought their conquests and achieved success. The "True Tale of My Life," from any genuine person, is a treasure of hint and assistance. A successful life is a permanent wealth to the world. Our existence here is so beset with embarrassments—the chances of miscarriage are so many, and so facile withal, that each of us feels it an advantage to know that one has passed victoriously through, and we are drawn to practical study of the history. The mottoes of eminent doers are instructive. These were their intimate conviction and familiar thought, the amulets and charms withal which they used for protection and reinvigoration. To pick out and gather them up in the memory is to provide armor and solid subsistence for perilous, wearisome marches, in the journey of life.

*All* the qualities of great souls instruct us. Every characteristic trait or personal peculiarity, however singular and unique, gives us a fact, and quite like an improving suggestion. In the public teachers every style of elocution has its points of significance. We note interested every several diversity, and observe in each one its own measure of truth and beauty, how Nature vivifies and speaks through all. Hegel's manner we read was stammering, clumsy, and unadorned, "but still not without a peculiar attraction as the immediate expression of profound thoughtfulness." The habits of a scholar we like much to know—what are his methods of work, what his relaxations, what hours of the day he selects and devotes as best adapted for successful study. All the instances and examples have a curious interest for us. We read a masterly style, the perfection of art of its kind, finished and polished, the symbol and fine vesture withal of massive, matured thought. How gladly would we penetrate the secrets of its growth and formation, learn the methods of its possessor—how his things presented themselves in the mind, how they were approached, wrestled with, mastered, and brought out into just and fitting expression. Every hint is rich, albeit there are few to be had; for the history of this genesis and growth is, for most part, not to be told. Some emphatic fact of industry and patient ripe accomplishment helps us, as when we learn of Bishop Butler that he wrought the Analogy through twenty years of unwavering application and toil, making it a perennial monument of thought and compact pregnant speech. Still finer would it be to read the intimate experiences of a hero of the soul—through what means he gained his culture and attainments, what were his familiar thoughts, what his forms of trial, and what his sacred enchantments—how he trained, poised, and exalted himself to supremacy over all. The few sentences we have here are scriptures of immortal quickening.

The effects are so vital they are never spent. Partaking of the nature of the infinite bounty, they operate unreduced forever. The continence of Zeno, the serene fortitude of Socrates are new as well as old—as quick to-day with stirring effect as they were two thousand years ago. He that incarnates truth, shares the duration of God—he acts forever. The tide of redemptive power is augmenting and swelling continually. Human condition is improved, and human character elevated constantly and increasingly through the deeds of the noble. Every faithful one helps work the road, helps to render less rugged the path along the celestial ascent. Regal natures write themselves so upon the everlasting ages. The spirit of excellence permeates the air, and transfuses itself through the world. All souls feel it, and to greater or less extent catch the infection. The elevations of mankind are for most part of this organic and unconscious, if not involuntary kind. The moral beauties we

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have seen inspire and assimilate us to their image. A beautiful expression, a sweet sentiment we have heard dwells in the memory, refining the taste and exalting for all time the tone of the character. Human affection has been purer and sweeter since Jesus lived and loved, and the heroes who have gone on to the goal in renunciation and martyr suffering have robbed the dungeon and stake of their sting. The depth and volume of the debt none can know. The past is our legacy. We are advantaged and richer for all the wise words spoken, all the human looks and genial smiles that have beamed, all the true lives led since world began. As sunlight and rains and airs through long ages work upon the primitive masses of the globe, subduing their wildness, refining and transmuting them, taming the earth and exalting it to new aspects of life and beauty, new riches of organized and intellectual being, mounting higher forever—so are the redemptive beams and vital forces that shine and glow in the incarnations that glorify history, ameliorating, enfranchising, and regenerating into kingdom of heaven this world of man.

Men help us, too, through their mistakes and failures and sins. The field of the sluggard is suggestive and admonitory to all eyes. So an instance of failure to accomplish by reason of any infirmity—what lessons it teaches! High achievement in any line is sternly conditioned on great consecration and unswerving persistence. All eminent doers must have been alike in this, that *they were devoted supremely to their work*—that they remembered it by night and by day, and nothing could divert or turn them aside. A little mistake at this point, a little failure to maintain an unvarying fealty, or to concentrate and hold fixed with the gymnast's ardor to the appointed task, is of fatal result. Hardly less imperative is it that one should nowhere attempt too much, undertaking a wide variety of labors, and tasks utterly beyond his possibility. There are metes to all capacities of performance that must be remembered. Giving all his powers full occupation indeed, he should stick to his proper work, seeking with utmost thoroughness *to do that and not more.* "Do but few things at a time," says Antoninus, "if thou wouldst preserve thy peace." Leibnitz was a transcendent genius, limitlessly rich in every scholarly attainment, of immense industries and wonderful performance in its way; but he wrought no fitting and proportionate utterance of himself, hindered we are told, by the multitudinous variety of his studies, and his roving habits of life. Coleridge was comparatively a stupendous failure; he realized but partially and poorly amid all his plannings and resolves, through that terrible infirmity of the will which blighted in the bud or early growth every decisive, persistent effort.

And examples of like sort, though of less marked and publicly recognized character, are occurring every day and everywhere. In every age there are men of royal gift, qualified for eminent accomplishment in some one or other department of endeavor—in art or science, or speculative thought—who yet fail of decisively realizing anything by reason of some infirmity that lurks ever unsubdued. They never really get concentrated—never lay themselves out grandly and to sovereign purpose. Some interruption turns them aside, some petted sin or wretched weakness comes in ever at the critical moment and spoils the promise—blights every fine beginning. Life with them is always intimation, never accomplishment; full of aspiration and inchoate resolves, never ripening into performance. The day ends and time ends ere they have really begun to do anything. Such cases are full of saddest monition. Clouds they are without water; beacons they become to warn of the secret currents that drew and the sunken reefs whereon such voyagers went down. The shores of time are lined everywhere with these relics—broken resolves, purposes unwrought, hopes dissipated, disappointment, failure, and bitter wreck. Every personal defect we see, every wayward tendency, every example of unskill or neglect or misdoing is a lesson. All the sins we may make of service. Mithridates, 'tis said, disarmed poison. And there are certain disciplines of hardening whereby we fortify the body so that it shall bear exposures and infections unharmed; so may we disarm all unfriendly influences—aye make the very netherward tendencies and forces lift us up.

As there is perchance in Nature balm for every hurt, for every poison its antidote, so for every mental infirmity or disease of the spirit, there is help and healing in the boundless riches of history. Each defect may be supplied and each ailment cured through application of the proper medicament. Here are amulets to guard amid all possible beset-

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ments and power of temptation. If I be naturally impatient, or volatile, or sluggish, slow to bestir and prone to procrastinate, conduct me to the men of calm possession, devotion, energy, and prompt, tireless activity, and they shall shame and rouse me. If I be subject to corrosion by the every-day trials and cares, sight of the great masters in attainment who have borne and conquered all, who dwell in kingdom that no wave can touch, shall tranquilize and free me. So for every weakness I shall find due counterpoise, for unsteadiness, persistence; for perturbation, patience; for love of ease, the ambition of action; for appetite, continence and sobriety; for every exposure, assistance and protection. Every man may be complemented and balanced from other men. There are names that are words of charm, symbol, and prophylactic to the spirit, which recalled amid circumstances of special exposure and besetment give deliverance. The brazen serpent in Israelitish story, lifted in the wilderness, 'tis said, healed the bitten and the dying; but infinitely more potent for healing are the illustrious names of history lifted on high in the memory of mankind.

The temperaments are full of mutual compensations. The light may learn from the dark, sanguine from the melancholic, radical from conservative, busy man of the world from the absorbed contemplator, male from female, and *vice versa*, and so on through all the contrarieties and variations. The offsets, restraints, and compensations exerted in society from one upon another, by all on each and each on all, are innumerable, and they keep up the life and equilibrium of the world. The mutuality here is not less marked than in Nature, in the play of the elements. Books open a perpetual fount of enlargement and inspiration. What consolements they give! They are charged with subtile essences of life that go unreduced from age to age. There is no solitude that reading will not beguile, no bereavement or inner lack these scriptures of the thought and experience of men will not meet.

All things in our experience have representative relation. All our past is a volume crowded with ripe instruction. Every good act is plaudit; every ill, rebuke and condemnation. Experience sets the just values. There is no crucible that melts and dissolves all like time. So much that seemed so large and important, that our spirits yearned for and our hands toiled for, sinks to small dimensions seen in the retrospect of the past. And so much that seemed little has proved great. Where we thought ourselves getting most, we realized least; and where we thought least, there we found most. Time abases the high and exalts the lowly. Continued prosperity, abundant gratification, and earthly possession are seen for the illusive vanity they are, while outward limitation, necessity for labor, resolve, and inner reliance, become glorified, become media through which descend to us the light and fullness of God. How base seems all passion viewed in the past. How pusillanimous in us that we should have lost our temper and fumed. Occasions that seemed at the moment overpowering, taking us from our possession irresistibly, shrink down to trifles and nothing, and we wonder we should ever have been so weak and demented.

Experience also pronounces final and unerring judgment upon all the ways of living and doing. It seals everything to its just weight and worth. As the good tradesman consults well his books of account and balance-sheet, and so finds which way he has been traveling, and what are the comparative values of the roads taken, what ventures paid, and what failed—what methods of management were most and what least conducive to profit—so the dealer in time may note, as day after day adds to his experience, what expenditures gave most, and what least, for advancement. He sees how diligence accomplishes, brings sure result, solid and appreciable in the run of months and years; how fitful applications, waiting on moods, working loosely, yielding to reverie or permitting to be drawn aside by interruptions, brings disappointment and mortifying failure. All the days become judgment-days, days of review and improving suggestion. Every date the eye lights upon of the events of one's past, brings reflections, self-catechism upon the manner of living and the measure of the progress being made. These date-points mark the flight of time, testify of the exceeding brevity of life, and admonish sternly to work while the day lasts. And the days and the years gone by stand studded with scenes and alive with voices, and each voice incites and urges and beckons us on.

Living in the companionship of great qualities as these are incarnated in history, we

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draw living water and rest in the everlasting. We dwell in a circle of select society that raises and ennobles us constantly. Here are presence and cheer and reinforcements of strength for all hours of loneness and waning. How they enlarge our privilege and illumine and exalt the common-places, imparting to us new tone and vigor for every humblest hour and homeliest duty! All the sweet sounds we have heard, music of voice and music of life, come to us singing themselves afresh, and attuning our souls to harmony. All the benignities beam, mantling us with a rich presence of aspiration and beauty and joy. What an "inheritance, how wide and fair!" I have a table of sacrament broad as the world, and rich as the limitless treasure of history. Through all the achievement of man, by what courage has dared and resolve has wrought, what fortitude has borne and virtue won and imagination conceived, I will sustain and lift myself, bearing on ever toward the limitless goal. All my life I may make enrichment; every contact with man, a vital one, softening and strengthening the spirit, carrying it up to the stature of perfect humanity. As the developers, the sulphates and acids, and the water, light, and heat, in the fine photographic processes, wake and bring out the picture on the plate, making the obscure and hidden pronounced and clear, so do the experiences, the contacts of our life with Nature and with Man, bring out the heavenly image, the hidden susceptibilities for knowledge and virtue and love in the soul.

All history falls at last to type and symbol. It is a shadow thrown out on the bosom of the infinite. It gives hint and intimation—it cannot more. It ministers refreshment and impulse; but no richest presence of fellow-soul can satisfy us farther. All we see or know passes; the gorgeous palaces, the cloud-capt towers, melt and flow like the baseless fabric of a dream. Past blooms in the memory an imperishable incarnation; present is transfiguring into shadow, becoming perpetually what past is. A sense of this will sometimes give to one's surroundings an indescribable sacredness. The world seems ethereal and holy. Faces and voices and forms so deeply dear to us, so present and actual, are all shadowy, fleeting away. We see them already as they shall be. How we are admonished to sobriety, tenderness, and a higher, purer love! The seen vanishes; let us attach us to substance, the friend of our friend. We fasten more upon the imperishable elements. The facts are representative and declarative, the qualities of our friends, the friends themselves are symbolic. Wife, sister, mother, hints and betokens; this presence is a ray from the face of the infinite excellence and love. Form and person depart; but the fact remains, the reality abides and shines like a star in the firmament of our thought, quenchless forever.

Viewing under such a perspective, our sight shall be corrected of all aberration, our spirit of all unrest. We shall see things as they are. We shall live in past as present, in present as passing and past. With mingled wonder and delight and awe, we shall behold this perpetually unfolding scroll, this procession of history, march of the ages, anthem with thousand-fold note of the infinite God, flowing from eternity, resting in the eternal, and through the eternal itself also sublime and everlasting. We shall attain that poise and reconciliation, that blending of faith with sight, union of seen and unseen, keeping the just balance and due account of form and substance, the now and the beyond, dwelling in the felt presence of eternity, yet not forgetting time; active, but at rest; earnest and solicitous, but staid; alive to the hour, yet reposing on the forever—in which first sanity, then sobriety and wisdom up to the highest knowledge of the skies do alway consist.

## Twice Smitten.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

O doubly-bowed and bruisèd reed,
What can I offer in thy need!

O heart, twice broken with its grief,
What words of mine can bring relief!

O soul, o'erwhelmed with woe again,
How can I soothe thy bitter pain!

Abashed and still, I stand and see
Thy sorrow's awful majesty.

Only dumb silence may convey
That which my lip can never say.

I cannot comfort thee at all;
On the Great Comforter I call:

Praying that He may make thee see
How near He hath been drawn to thee.

For unto man the angel guest
Still comes through gates of suffering best;

And most our Heavenly Father cares,
For whom He smites, not whom He spares.

So, to His chastening meekly bow,
Thou art of His beloved now!

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# The Friend of Progress.

C. M. Plumb & Co., Publishers.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1865.


## The Last Creed of Unitarianism.

The *Christian Inquirer*, of February 4th, contains the report of a committee of the Unitarian Association, which was appointed to consider the wisdom of holding a general convention in New York, in the spring, to draw up a statement of the purpose of such a convention, to state its ends and objects, and to put into words some general form of appeal to all the churches in the country.

A very interesting account is given of the doings of this committee. The nature of its discussions is hinted at clearly enough, the debate growing out of the well-known differences of opinion in the Unitarian body is brought into view, and the mode of obviating the difficulty is frankly published. An attempt, too, is made to state broadly the general positions in which all members of the so-called denomination are agreed—in only one of which we apprehend they would all agree, and we are not so certain of a full consent in that; for "the right of search for religious truth without let, hindrance, or reproach, and the equal freedom to seek for it, and to draw it from all sources—nature, revelation, the human soul, history, science, experience"—is a point which the older school will scarcely concede without abatement; while the new school will not, without a good deal of definition, assent to the proposition that "Christianity, as set forth in the New Testament and developed in the actual life of history, is a divine religion"—or that "all that is found favorable to the present welfare and happiness of man is under the protection and to be adopted into the life of the Church"—or that "the characteristic and specific influence of the 'Church' is dependent (among other things) on the maintenance of the ordinances." These points of divergence might be passed over unnoticed, or at any rate uncriticised, as coming under the head of general considerations, which are not meant to be explicit, and are purposely left in abstraction. It is, however, ominous, that even in the sphere of general considerations, and in the realm of pure abstraction, the grounds of a somewhat important and radical discrepancy will not disappear from view.

The general considerations are followed by a statement of Belief framed to "express, as nearly as language can express anything on which a variety of minds are called on to agree," the faith of the Liberal Christian. That no stronger statement could be ventured, even by so bold a man and so frank a leader as Dr. Bellows, by whom this was prepared, is another sign of the wide divergence of opinion in the Unitarian body, and of the extreme sensitiveness of the body on every point of speculative theology. If this is all the "creed" that Unitarianism will bear, Unitarianism may fairly be set down as creedless—as having no distinctive articles of faith, and as contenting itself with bleaching the integuments of its older fathers.

Dr. Bellows' creed is a very attenuated version of the creed known as the "Apostles'," always held as the minimum of credence, and originally framed not as a declaration of speculative opinion, but as a summary of facts in the life of Jesus generally received by the Church. Here is Dr. Bellows' version: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his Son; and in the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son; in the Holy Catholic Church; in the forgiveness of sins; in the resurrection from the dead, and in the life everlasting. Amen."

We are not, we presume, to take this as a satisfactory declaration of Dr. Bellows' personal faith. It might or it might not be that. If it were that, it would be no business of ours to remark on it. It is put forth as a general manifesto, to meet an emergency and bridge over a gulf. It is a statesman's, we will not say a politician's, formula. On this ground, first of all, it is open to criticism. It is designed as an incidental support for a union policy. It contains what may be called "Articles of Peace"—affirmations, not frankly expressive of earnest interior conviction, but trying to be inexpressive of that. Now there are two methods of carrying out a policy of reconciliation. One is to burrow down beneath all verbal differences till the reconciling and fundamental *idea* is struck, and then to develop that in strong affirmative language that shall compel the honest assent of the apparently differing minds, and convince them that after all they do hold palpable and

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vital beliefs in common, which they may as well clear of ambiguity and publish boldly to the world. The other is to cover up fundamental *ideas*, as if there were none there, or none that could be reached, and take refuge in ambiguity of language, which has the show of universality without the substance, and may serve as a vail to conceal from view concords and discords at once. The first method is vital; the second is artificial. The first method might succeed in effecting something like a vigorous organization. The second can produce at best none but an apparent organization. Dr. Bellows adopts the second, as we think, unwisely and unfortunately. Both the old school and the new will probably find the indefiniteness of his statement a chief ground of objection to it. What he regards as its merit, they will regard as its defect. Neither school will be content with the liberty to put on it their own private interpretation so long as the public is at liberty to interpret it as it chooses, or say that it is a confession of no belief at all. As it stands, it is no confession of belief which either party can recognize.

The old Unitarians will miss everything which they hold distinctively as against Orthodoxy on the one side and Rationalism on the other. The new Unitarians will miss everything which they hold distinctively as against "Unitarianism" on the one side, and Positivism or Materialism on the other. The old Unitarians will miss their belief in supernaturalism, of which they have always been peculiarly tenacious, their belief in Moses, the prophets, and the Messiah; their belief in the Savior, Mediator, and Intercessor; their belief in the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament, and in the peculiar efficacy of the preached word. The new Liberals will miss their doctrines of the Infinite Spirit; of the divine immanence and permanence in humanity; of the soul's spiritual intuition and inspiration; of the simple humanity of Jesus; of the universality and naturalness of revelation; of the progressive development of religious ideas; of the impossibility of "miracle;" of the purely symbolical character of the rites and ordinances; of the incidental nature of what is known as "Christianity" in the intellectual and spiritual history of the race; of the moral solidarity of all mankind, and the persistency of the individual consciousness through all change, even the great change of death. None of these things are so much as implied in the articles of Dr. Bellows' creed.

Coming to the creed itself, and taking up its articles on their merits, it is exceedingly difficult to determine what meaning they are designed to convey. They are intended to be broad even to indistinctness, and it is to save them apparently from utter baldness and barrenness, that they are clothed in language "smoothed and sanctified, enriched and liberalized, by long common use."

But this very language fastens upon them a fatal definiteness of meaning that cannot be misunderstood. The first article contains—always has contained—a protest against the immanence and permanence of God in the world. The second article, if it means anything, means that Jesus Christ was an angel, that being the accepted sense of the phrase "Son of God." The third article suggests the speciality of the Holy Spirit, and limits its agency. The fourth article claims a peculiar mission for the Church, as the one medium of saving grace. The fifth article calls up theories of atonement and expiation. The sixth article alludes unmistakably to the ancient belief in a Day of Judgment, when the graves shall be emptied of their tenants, and the long buried shall simultaneously arise. The seventh article specifies what shall follow in consequence of that resurrection.

Does Dr. Bellows believe all this? Does Unitarianism? Why then employ such expressions? It is vain to think of escaping from the substance of a creed as long as you adopt its language. Men who have new ideas should use new speech if they would not be misunderstood. If they use the old speech, the inference will be that they cling, under some form, to the old ideas, and are not new men.

On the whole, then, we cannot congratulate Unitarianism on its latest creed; nor can we predict success to any movement based on it. We have no knowledge, as yet, of the reception it is likely to meet with from either side of the denomination. It is undoubtedly sincere and well meant. More is the pity, perhaps; for if it is, it betrays either the absence of any very definite speculative convictions in the Unitarian ranks, or else a sad distrust in regard to them. A simple declaration, in ordinary, "unsanctified" speech, of the leading positive Ideas of the Liberal Faith, adapted to the understanding and addressed to the best spiritual sense of the

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common people, would have been braver; would have been more telling, too. If it did not rebuild the "denomination," it might help the community, by contributing to the illumination of the age. * *

## A Modern Bull against Comets.

Pope Calixtus III, in A. D. 1456, issued a bull against a comet. Some of the English clergy at the present day, being troubled by the progress of Physical Science, are following his example. They note the rapid strides this science has made from former barbarism, and dread that in some future time it will dictate laws to religion or even destroy it altogether. Hence they have issued one of the most remarkable manifestoes of the day—made up of a regret, a warning, and a belief—and called upon all scientific men in the United Kingdoms to sign it, in the hope of averting the imagined evil. In this document they ask the signers to regret that the truths of science have been so perverted as to injure religion—which ought to be regretted if it has ever happened; then, to remember that science is incomplete, and must not, therefore, question anything in the church theology—which implies that the church theology is complete, and may therefore question anything in science; and, finally, to believe that a time will come when the book of Nature will be found to agree with the Bible in every particular, as though a scientific man can believe this before it is proved, or can help believing it afterwards. What a pitiable position it places religion in, to send it around thus with a paper to obtain certificates of good character from "men of the world!" What a confession of weakness, to beg scholars to approach religion with care, and not brush their scientific truths too roughly against it! What an impotent manifesto, likewise—as pure a waste of ink and paper as the Pope's bull against the comet. How can the church sing its coronation hymn, and talk of crowning Jesus Lord of all, when it falls down on its knees before the students of Nature, and begs them to promise that they will never discover any truth which differs from what the popular creed teaches! And now that nearly four hundred men of science—third-rate men though they are—have made the wished-for promise, the English Church can doubtless sleep more quietly.

Those ministers have yet to learn that "the opposition of science" is "falsely so called." Religion is God's work in the soul, and science his work in nature, and there can be no conflict between them. As expressions of the divine wisdom and power, they must be in perfect harmony, since he from whom they both came, is "without variableness or shadow of turning." Should they ever be found on opposite sides in any conflict, either the religion or the science must be of a spurious kind, a worthless counterfeit which must fall before the sword of truth. For Nature is as divine as religion, and the word she speaks is just as truly the word of God. What is Geology but God's truth written on the rocks? And Astronomy, but his truth written in flaming characters all over the heavens? And so Geology is the lithograph and Astronomy the photograph of that same word which dwells in all true religious faith. They are works of the same divine Author whose yes is yes, and whose no is no, for evermore, and therefore the students of one copy need not fear that any truth they gain will be denied by those who study another. A man's ideas may alter from time to time, so that successive editions of his works will advance different opinions; but the truth of God remains unchanged through all generations and is the same forever. What he has lithographed on the earth and photographed on the heavens, will always agree with what he writes on the tablets of the heart.

During a presidential campaign, careful efforts are made to keep a candidate from writing many letters, lest one should deny another or interfere with its good effects. And some imagine they must keep the same careful watch over the Almighty, lest his different works contradict each other, and they bid us choose between the Bible and Mathematics, Genesis and Geology, Religion and Science, and abide by our choice to the exclusion of all the rest. Let whoso will be content with such expurgated editions of the divine word and live in fear of others; but *all* truths are ours, whether taught in the Bible or Mathematics, Genesis or Geology, Religion or Science—all are ours because coming from the one God and Father of us all.

In spite of the bull published against it two centuries ago, Halley's comet goes quietly on its way, and each appointed season comes back to us from the remote abyss of space. Will the modern bull against science have any more effect? R. M.

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## Herbert Spencer.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

It is so common a thing in literature, to find radicalism associated with crude statements, half-knowledge, and intolerance, that we are apt to over-rate it when found without such disfigurements. Radicalism in society becomes very fascinating when it is combined with good manners and a clean shirt; and so it is in literature. Mr. Spencer's claim to have "a system," is a great attraction to miscellaneous readers, while it rather damages him in the opinion of thinkers; but his observance of the proprieties commends him to all.

How much of this agreeable equipoise comes from the mere fact of his limitations, it is hard to say. An intelligent man of the world finds it easier to keep his temper in society than an enthusiast or an apostle. The less centrifugal force a man has, the less centripetal he needs. To be shut up within a narrow sphere, makes one calm and equable, if the sphere suit one's desires. Herbert Spencer, while far more dry and bloodless than Mill, is far more complete and telling, and more uniformly at his ease. Mill seldom goes on ground where he is weak. Spencer often does; but he does it so manfully and so well, and covers his best and poorest work with so neat and uniform a varnish, that it is hard to tell which is which. Never harassed with questions which he cannot answer to his own satisfaction, never obliged to make up by wrath what is consciously wanting in argument, he evidently has but few temptations and no weaknesses. One degree more of growth might make him more comprehensive, more interesting, and more faulty.

To one who enjoys neatness and finish in literary work, his writings are a study. Each of Emerson's essays seems like a section out of a prolonged diary; and it appears as if each might have begun or ended in the middle just as well. The finish is all in the sentences; they are exquisitely granulated, but the shape of the whole composition is what botanists call *premorse*—that is, as if bitten off square at either extremity. But every article or chapter of Spencer's has a beginning, a middle, and end; each has a definite text that can be plainly stated, and everything in it converges to that. If there is repetition—as there often is—it is from defect of thought, not of structure; it is because he thinks he is making two wholly distinct statements, when, in reality, he is only putting the same thing in other words. In this respect he seems often rather shallow.

There is a noted sentence given by Whately, to show what a sophistical appearance of argument may be produced by simply repeating the same assertion first in Saxon, then in Norman words, thus: "To allow every man an unbounded freedom of speech, must always be on the whole highly advantageous to the State; *for* it is extremely conducive to the interests of the community that each individual should enjoy a liberty perfectly unlimited of expressing his sentiments." Here, under an unexceptionable form of logical inference, there is a mere repetition of statement, and Mr. Spencer's style sometimes suggests this model; as for instance in his most celebrated essay on the "Law of Progress."

The agreeable moderation of his style, too, and his consequent tendency to under-statement, reconcile him sometimes to an almost amusing disproportion between means and end. This strikes the reader, for instance, in the essay on "Manners and Fashion," one of his most elaborate productions, where, after fifty pages of facts and illustrations, often novel and always readable, he concludes impressively, "from which may be drawn the inference that, on the average, restrictions of every kind cannot last much longer than they are wanted, and cannot be destroyed much faster than they ought to be." This rather suggests M. Jourdain, who was amazed to find that he had talked prose all his life without knowing it.

It is rather as a popularizer of thought, therefore, that Mr. Spencer has value. He has put up many valuable and some novel conclusions into such a compact and digestible form, that they must have an immense distribution. And though he shows no imagination and no humor, and when most polite and considerate, is always insular and English; yet his books will date a new epoch in the intellectual history of many, and will help them, perhaps, past the point of development which he has reached.

This influence will be greatly aided by the fact that Spencer does not, like so many strong scientific thinkers, become what Emerson calls a "box-turtle," when he comes to theological questions. On the contrary, he carries into them the same manly truthfulness. Omitting

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all debate on the more technical questions of theology—which one must almost believe in order even to discuss—he approaches boldly the cloudy problems of theism, and fears not to stake out all the ground which the intellect can reclaim from the invisible. He recognizes it as a certainty that an "Inscrutable Power" exists, "while on the other hand its nature transcends intuition, and is beyond imagination." In answer to the assertion of Mansel, that "It is our duty to think of God as personal; and it is our duty to believe that He is infinite," he calmly asserts that "duty requires us neither to affirm nor deny personality."—(First Principles, p. 108.)

It is doing great injustice to Mr. Spencer to confound his views with Comte's, and this seems like the folly of those insane Englishmen who think Emerson an imitator of Carlyle. In his good basis of scientific training, he is like Comte, but is entirely free from his whims and arrogance, and his "French regard for symmetry and disregard for fact."

Mr. Spencer has what Talleyrand called the weakness of omniscience, and must write not alone on astronomy, metaphysics, and banking, but also on music, on dancing, on style. This is rather unfortunate. His own personal style has no other merit than the great one of simplicity, and his essay on the graces of language is perpetually limited by exhibiting the want of them. Yet however far he may be out of his own natural sphere, he never seems actually offensive or conceited; he has too much good sense for that—he is limited, but not arrogant.

His book on "Education," by which he is perhaps best known in this country, appears by no means one of his best productions; and the list of encomiums from "our ablest thinkers" which the publishers append to it, only illustrates that fatal habit of flattery which is the bane of our literature. We can hardly expect American thought or criticism to rank as anything more than provincial, while we are ready to exhaust Webster's Unabridged over a treatise so mediocre.

The work on "First Principles," and the first volume selected from the English edition of his essays, and styled "Illustrations of Universal Progress," are far superior, and should be widely read. The later volume, called "Essays, Moral, Political, and Esthetic," contains the rest of the English edition—the chaff after the wheat. It contains, however, one essay, on "Representative Government," which is worth reading by Americans, chiefly as showing how much fog might be dispelled, in an able European mind, by a few months' observation of the working of Representative Government in a republic.

It is worth noticing, too, in this last volume—and perhaps it furnishes a key to some traits of Mr. Spencer's mind—that the most important statement of scientific fact in all his writings (so far as we know) is here thrown out casually, and without citing any authority. He asserts (p. 160) that the infertility of hybrids is now shown to apply to widely separated varieties as well as to species: thus showing the difference between species and variety to be one of degree alone. This is the one fact, for want of which his friend, Professor Huxley, declares the Darwinian theory of development to be as yet inadmissible—and yet Spencer gives no authority for it except that "Cattle-breeders have established it as a general fact." With the utmost willingness to believe the assertion, we yet call, with eager interest, for the names of those cattle-breeders.

It can hardly be claimed for Herbert Spencer that he is a commanding scientific thinker, in the same sense with Darwin; though his minor statements and arguments are often admirable. It seems rather absurd to attribute to him, as a scientific achievement, any vast enlargement or farther generalization of the modern scientific doctrine of evolution. He has simply furnished a good many striking illustrations, rather loosely put together, of those analogies between historical and organic development which had been observed before. But in his firm faith in the principle of development, as such, and in his pungent repudiation of the "carpenter-theory" of the universe, as he calls it—the theory of manufacture as distinct from evolution—he has done great service. Perhaps the truth will be approached in saying that if not a great thinker, he yet goes through the motions of a great thinker so handsomely, and carries himself with an equipoise so attractive, that it is almost as good as being one. We sometimes see a man of middle size, who, by justness of proportion, and erectness of carriage, conveys the impression of rather commanding height. Such a man is Herbert Spencer.

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—The more comprehensive the view of man, the less doth earth affect his vision, and the more high do his affinities become.

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## Spirits out of Prison.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Our last paper was on Spirits in Prison. This shall be on Spirits out of Prison. If Spirits in Prison are unhappy, diseased, and evil, Spirits out of Prison should be happy, safe, and good. It was contended last month that the sadness of men—their sickness, weakness, lassitude, and depression—their moroseness too, and discontent; their dismal fears, and doubts, and disbeliefs, even their impurities and austerities; their low, morbid, and brutish vices; their hates, intolerances, and cruelties; their sins against themselves, their neighbors, the laws of the moral and spiritual world, were due to the fact that they were shut up in walls, deprived of air and sunshine. This doctrine to some may seem startling and paradoxical: that men and women should be good in proportion as they are unbound; should become virtuous by being liberated from constraint; should be put in the way of saintliness by being put out of the way of sheltering, guarding, restraining principles; should cease to be sinners by ceasing to be under law, may sound very much like a contradiction. Mankind have certainly acted on the opposite principle from the beginning. The opposite principle has received the sanction of the highest authority, lay and clerical, and to discard it so utterly, may appear presumptuous and unreasonable.

But presumptuous it will not be deemed when the ground taken by those who discard it is understood: nor will it be considered unreasonable, when it is fully stated. That men and women will grow better when they are released from their prisons, instead of being a paradox, is, after all, a truism. To say so, is simply saying that as defective and undeveloped organization, limited circumstances, deprivation, poverty, ignorance, and stupidity, narrowness of mind, littleness of heart, pettiness of soul, are causes of misery and evil—as nobody seriously doubts they are, unless it be the chiefs of the Southern Confederacy, the advocates of a system of slavery for the whole laboring population, or the recreant New Englanders, who ascribe the troubles into which we have fallen to the system of Common School Education—so, to abolish ignorance, stupidity, and narrowness, to expand the soul and enlarge the heart, must be productive of happiness and benefit. Are we not continually quoting history in evidence of the poverty, the squalor, the vice of the old repressive system? Are we not continually appealing to the records of the past for proof of the immoralities and degradations of the ancient regime of despotism in State and Church? Are we not continually bringing up the wretchedness of the people in the old European world, the low standard of virtue in despotic States now? Are we not continually associating together licentiousness and servility, austerity and uncleanness, bigotry and blood? Do we express any great amazement at the hideous revelations of guilt and depravity in New Orleans and other places, as the swords of our generals stir up the offal heap of Southern society? Is it not the popular argument against Catholicism, that it does not unfold the hearts, or train the consciences, or make robust the souls of its members? that Protestantism does this much better, and does it best when it is most faithful to its principle of soul liberty? Is it not a common remark, made often with a sneer, that liberal Christians or rational believers are distinguished by private virtue and public moralities—that in fact their goodness is altogether adapted to the sphere of this world? What does all this mean, if not that spirits are purer, better behaved, more discreet, virtuous, beneficent, when they are unbound?

There too are all our arrangements for enlightening the people: our patronage of popular education; our efforts at social reform; our plans for ameliorating the condition of the poor; our proposals to open new fields of work to the helpless; our suggestions for diminishing the pressure of circumstances, so that people may have time to cultivate their higher nature—leisure for reading, for music, for literature, art, science. There are our various devices for unbinding the faculties of woman, in order that she may have more varied and lucrative employments, a larger sphere, as we call it, for development and usefulness, a nobler and more stimulating career, and ampler range for the exercise of her rich and manifold powers. Why do we meditate, why do we plan and engage in such enterprises as these? Surely not that men and women may be less happy, less secure, less noble, less sweet and saintly, than they are now. Surely not that their souls may be farther off from saving, or that the earth may be to them less their Father's home than it is.

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A popular writer once raised the question: Should woman be allowed to learn the alphabet? If you say "yes," you cannot object to her learning anything else to which the alphabet is an assistance. You open to her all the fields of literature, and give her leave to cultivate them all, so far as her capacity allows. In a word, you concede the whole question of what is called her prerogative. For if it be good to loose one band, is it not good to loose another? If it be good to give play to the body, is it not good to give play to the mind and heart? If it be good to get release from physical disabilities, is it not good to get release from moral and spiritual? If it be good to be delivered from bodily infirmity, why not from the infirmity of physical want? Why not then from poverty? Why not then from ignorance? Why not then from prejudice, from superstition? Why not then from all unnatural and irrational authority? Why not from beliefs that cramp and churches that confine? There can be no answer given. If the opening of one door be a benefit, the opening of all doors must be. If the unbarring of one gate be a boon, what gate will you leave forever barred?

But experience, it is said, does not confirm this reasoning. Indeed, so far from confirming it, it seems to refute it. The Spirits out of Prison, we are told, are not happy. They wander idly and vacantly to and fro; they lose themselves; they are lonely; they are forsaken; like children who have just let go the hand of mother or nurse, and have undertaken to walk alone across the parlor floor, they take a few steps from the safe starting-point, and stand in the middle of the room, bewildered, bereft of their confidence and self-possession, trembling and frightened, lip quivering, eyes watering, hands stretched out imploringly for help, images of misery and grief. Men and women, we are told, must have hold of somebody's hand—must be under somebody's care. They pine for a faith: a definite and close and strong faith. In light and happy days it is all very well to have this unchartered freedom, but all days are not bright. There are dark days, and lonely roads, and solitary waste places, and fearful passes, and perilous passages, when the spirit fails, and the heart gives out, and the nerves twitch, and the will loses its self-command. Then there is wretchedness unspeakable, and a great sighing for Egyptian comforts. Is not our age full of restless and uneasy and disconsolate souls, who have strayed from their home and found no other? Does not the sigh of their complaint come incessantly to our ears? No, no; the Spirits out of Prison are not happy.

Neither are they safe. For see into what perilous places they wander! See how they lose themselves in thickets, and tear themselves with briers, and bruise themselves against the stones! See how they fall over precipices, and leave their bones whitening on the rocks. Some take refuge in worse superstitions than they left—become Hunkers, Dippers, Shakers, Mormons: they out-Catholic the Catholics. Others slip into infidelity and atheism, going from narrow beliefs to no beliefs at all; from absolute faith to absolute skepticism; from the close communion to utter lawlessness of thought and sentiment. They become Bohemians and Arabs in the world of speculation: intellectual libertines, who rashly intrude into places notoriously unsafe, and recklessly handle ideas which wound by their very touch. Alas, we hear men cry, how many fine minds have been driven to distraction and madness, how many noble intellects have been ruined, how many fair prospects have been blighted, how many a promising career has been cut short, how many a happy lot has been made utterly miserable, by this heedless license of passion and thought. Did not Voltaire precede the French Revolution? and was not the connection very intimate between the Goddess of Reason and the guillotine? Safe! Who can be safe when the foundations of credence are undermined, and the beliefs of ages are shaken? Liberalism has much to answer for, for disfranchising so many spirits. There is a long and ugly account against Democracy and Rationalism, which they will find it hard to settle. The blood of the unwary and the betrayed cries from the ground.

For the Spirits out of Prison, it is further urged, are not good. They are indifferent, cold, unsympathetic, selfish. They think more of their own rights than of their neighbors' claims; more of their liberties than of their obligations. They are too much interested in their personal development to care much about the well-being of their fellows. They are willing that the world should take care of itself, so long as they get their culture and pleasure. Moral earnestness, moral enthusiasm have they none. They are Sadducees, who think it better that Jesus should be

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put to death than that the peace of society should be disturbed. Fortunate if they are no worse than this; fortunate if they are not libertines, heartless, depraved, brutal. Fortunate if they are not marriage breakers and free lovers. There have been no few of such. There are no few of such now. There will be more and more of such in days to come.

Now, granting for the moment the truth of all this, it is replied that the appeal to experience is wholly unfair. Spirits have not been out of their political, social, dogmatic, ecclesiastical, spiritual prisons, long enough, yet, to feel quite domesticated in the great City of God. The close confinement system has been in practice for thousands and thousands of years, and it must necessarily take some time for eyes so long darkened to become used to the glory of the noon; for feet so long tied to become free in their movements; for faculties so long limited to adjust themselves to the immense scale of the social world. Very few spirits are fairly out of prison yet: perhaps none are completely out, and move in the free world as if they had always been in it. It is a good deal to expect that spirits will be happy and safe and good, tumbled out of their cells one by one into the open air, into a new world, where they have everything to learn for themselves: their own way to find, their own mouths to fill, their wn huts to make; no companions, no guides, no conductors. If their courage failed them it would not be surprising. Happy! it would be strange if they were, with the unexplored world of thought and sentiment and life efore them. Safe! how can they be till they have learned the ground they are to walk on, and the people they are to meet? Good! Goodness comes with experience and discipline, and theirs is all to get. And yet how fast they get it! What kind spirits take the oor tremblers by the hand! How quickly the sunlight and the air revive and invigorate the frail weaklings! We are prepared to rove, on occasion, that the spirits out of prison are glad, safe, good, just in proportion to the completeness of their deliverance. We are prepared to show conclusively that free thought does not lead to free morals; that the decline of ancient credence does not bode the decline of ancient honor, purity, and truth; that the boldest thinkers are not the boldest blasphemers, nor the most eager questioners the most audacious ribalds. We are ready to make good the assertion that earnestness is deepest where thought is deepest, and that the purest enthusiasm is kindled by the largest ideas. We could enumerate here a score or so of the most intellectual, the most enlightened, the most liberal, bold, untrammeled men and women of our time, the very mention of whose names brings memories of heroism, sacrifice, devotion, martyrdom, saintliness to our lips. We could pick a handful of six young men from a single family-circle—young men brought up in the largest freedom of modern thought and life—unitarians, transcendentalists, radicals in speculation—out-of-doors men completely—never fettered by a bond, who, for purity, truth, sweetness, sincerity, loyalty—for singleness of purpose, simplicity of motive, elevation of aim, consecration of will, courage, devotion, humanity, may be fairly compared with any specimens of virtue the earth can produce. We could run over the list of our personal acquaintance, and give you our assurance that the very happiest, safest, best people we know—the sunniest in temper, the firmest in principle, the strongest in habit, the most earnest in the tone and endeavor of their life—are precisely those who live out in the free, open air of thought, speculation, faith, action. They are perpetual summer days; they are rain in midsummer; they are sunshine in March weather; they are freshening breezes and cool fountains. To be with them is to be in the communion of the blessed. Their thoughts communicate inspiration; their presence rebukes all mean and sordid and groveling ideas; their influence stirs longings and loves in the soul. They never suggest a bolt, a bar, a chain, a shut gate; they never suggest an impurity, an unveracity, a turpitude, or a sin; they make old sanctities look poor, but they raise new sanctities so fast that the old ones are not missed. But if we allow ourselves to speak of all this, we shall never know when to stop. The point now is not to describe the bliss of spirits out of prison, but to account for it. Spirits out of prison, well out, wholly out, are safe, happy, and good. Why are they?

Because they are more securely and completely bound; because they are under more vigilant oversight, and more comprehensive restraint; because there are more guards, and fewer loopholes of escape into a lawless and heedless world. They are submitted to laws more imperious, more omnipotent, more stringent in their action than other men and

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women are. It is no wonder, therefore, that they are safe, happy, and good. Does this sound like a paradox? It will soon appear to be none. The complaint against prisons is not that they bind, but that they do not nobly bind. They compress in spots. They pinch some particular part of the nature. They fetter a leg or bind a wrist. They are not scientifically adjusted. In coming out of them into more wisely regulated constraints, we have the sense of relief that a lame man has when the surgeon takes off the bloody handkerchief from his broken limb and supplies its place with the much tighter and longer but more smooth and even bandage.

The prison does not adequately confine. The spirits outside are more effectually bound than those inside. This is a point worth illustrating. Does a man on issuing from the "Tombs," where he has been confined by stone walls for some weary months, issue into a world where he is under no constraints? He may, if he be a hard and malignant wretch who has broken through all restraints before he was entombed, issue into a world whose restraints he will not feel immediately. But supposing the man not to be thus hardened; supposing him to be no desperate wretch or sinner, will he issue into a world where restraint is purely imaginary? It is a weakness to ask the question. His restraints are multiplied by a thousand. Whereas, he in the Tombs felt the simple pressure of stone and iron against the free action of his body, and was at perfect liberty to do what he would with every one of his faculties, all his actions being unchallenged, all his motions being permitted, all his coarse abusive oaths being passed by with indifference, only one eye to escape—that of his jailer; only one ear to please—that of the man who brings him his daily rations; no responsibility to anybody for anything—now he is in a great city, where he must accommodate himself to the multitude about him. Here is a policeman: every man is a policeman; he must be careful where he walks, what he says, how he looks; he is in danger of breaking a law, or violating a custom, or outraging a feeling, or transgressing a privilege at every turn. He has exchanged the twelve feet square of his cell for a city with a million of inhabitants; but he cannot do just as he would like, now, in any space twelve feet square. He is in a space larger than he can fill; but cobwebs are round his feet and hands. There is no fetter to his walk so long as he walks circumspectly; but should he undertake to walk as he did in his cell, stamping and gesticulating and cursing, the hand of the officer would touch his shoulder.

People apprehend trouble from the freeman emancipated from his slavery, the idea being, that now, being his own master, free to do with himself what he pleases, he will fall into utterly idle and vagabond ways. So he may possibly, until he comes into possession of his own locomotive powers; but in simple truth his liberating puts him under constraints he was never subjected to before. There is the pledge of his safety and the safety of all connected with him: he is not at liberty to do as he pleases. Under slavery he had an altogether preposterous and perilous amount of liberty; liberty to be idle and stupid, and dirty and improvident and reckless: he was under no obligation to supply himself with food and clothing. No duty towards wife and child weighed on him. No call to consider neighbor or stranger addressed him; he was laid under no mental or moral discipline; perfectly lawless, reckless, and unchartered he was, save in so far as his master laid orders on him. He was, in fact, discharged from all constraint as regarded the larger part of his time and the larger portion of his nature. Not so now: now he is a member of society; now he is under law: he is in the complexities of civilization; he must toil and save; he must protect his wife and educate his children. Out of prison, he is under bonds, municipal, domestic, personal, civil, social. Let him try now to live as he did in slavery; he would not have long to try. His fellowmen have liens upon him which cannot be slipped, and the bonds tighten as his existence becomes complicated. Every improvement in his condition lays him under new obligations to new people, and when he has obtained the full rights of citizenship, he will find that he has scarcely anything he can call his own.

The political partisan, made over to his party, bound hand and foot, not presuming to call his soul his own, never feels at liberty to do a great many things which, as a man, a citizen, and a gentleman, he would be held to a stern account for. He takes the liberty to lie and cheat and bribe; to forge ballots, to falsify returns, to violate the first principles of arithmetic; he takes the liberty to fling dirt at his neighbors; to revile and

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curse, and debauch the public moral sense. Were he to do this, outside his caucus or headquarters, beyond his campaign limits, he would bring up at a wall of decency against which he would hardly care to dash his head twice. The closer his party-organization, the freer from these moral constraints he is. It is the evil of party-organizations, that they neutralize social laws—that they make outlaws of men who ought to be respectable.

And this is the evil of close beliefs of all sorts: this is the evil of creeds. They abridge one kind of liberty, the liberty of speculation; but they encourage many kinds of license, and those the worst kinds too. Safe in their inclosures of dogma, men hold themselves absolved from the obligation to respect other people's minds and feelings, and stretching their heads out of their high windows, can insult the passers-by with impunity; can hoot at their gait and bearing and dress; can call them fools and knaves, infidels and atheists; can consign them by ecclesiastical swearing, to the infernal regions; can even fling prayer-books and Bibles, volumes of sermons and heavy bodies of divinity at their heads. They allow full swing to their intellectual conceit, telling their neighbors in the most unwarrantable manner, that they are no better than they should be; that they are blasphemers, impious, spiritual suicides, enemies to their kind, sowers of sedition, whose very presence in the world is fatal to the souls of mankind. Nay, they feel quite at liberty to injure their neighbor's business, damage his commercial reputation, diminish his chances of professional success, undermine his social position; and they resent all interference with this atrocious license, on the ground that they are elect and privileged persons! Is this very close confinement? We should all be better off if it was a good deal closer, always supposing that in being closer, it was more natural.

In the same way the rigid churchman is altogether too free, and makes altogether too free with his fellow-men. The dissenter is under bonds to be courteous and respectful; he is held by laws of fellowship; he is constrained by principles of humanity. But the attitude of the high churchman is very like that of a privileged lord who considers himself as under no obligation to be generous or just or kind to the people outside of his establishment. He is free to retain his prejudices, free to slumber in his ignorance, free to indulge his contempt. His prison walls are high and close; and because they are, he excuses himself from looking out to see what his fellow-men are doing, and he presumes on their inability to look in and see what he is doing. If you could release him from his prison, you would curtail immensely his license; if you could open his communion, you would fling him into a world of natural human relations, which would compel him to be a better man and a less dangerous member of society.

Jesus said: Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free. So it will; it will flood the dark places with light; it will blind the jailers; it will melt the bars; it will unlock the wintry fetters of fear, prejudice, disbelief; it will set flowing all the springs of thought, and send them bubbling and flashing through the meadows to the shoreless sea; it will impel the imprisoned rivulets through unknown places, and places forbidden before; but the freedom will be only apparent; the stream must obey a thousand new directions, and yield to a thousand new impulses. The child of Truth has bound himself to a long and arduous quest, under many and stern teachers. He cannot decline labor; he cannot shirk study; he must train himself to candor, exactness, fairness; he must respect his neighbor's opinions; he must weigh his words, and school his thoughts, and hold his wishes under control, and wait at his Lord's door as obsequiously as a slave.

If there ever was a spirit out of prison, it was Jesus. He was free from family ties; from ties of kindred; social usage did not limit him; he moved through the tangle of ecclesiastical observances as a farmer walks through the dewy cobwebs in the grass. Citizenship was no constraint upon him; he walked right over the line of nationality; broke the strong cords of Mosaic observances, and left the cramping costume of race hanging in rags about him. But there was no man living on the earth at that time so completely under law as he was; he had no option in regard to the regulation of his existence; he could not choose his work, or the time for doing it; he had no will of his own in respect to his relations, and treatment of men and women; he could not choose whether he would be kind or unkind, gracious or ungracious. Inevitably as the lightning darted from a cloud, his invective leaped from his lips against the Pharisee; necessary as the falling of the rain was the flowing of his tears

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at the sight of misery. He could not help going into the wilderness after the lost sheep; he was there by a law as imperative as gravitation, as irresistible as the laws of light. Free as he was, there was no danger that he would commit a trespass against his neighbor; person and property were safe when he was near. The breath that blows through the universe of souls set through him, and kept him in the direction of the Right and Just. He had that pure sympathy with universal ends which can be neither bribed nor bent. He was all open to the play of fine influences; and they swayed him this way and that as boughs are swayed by the wind.

The objection to prisons of all kinds, except the mere prisons of brick and mortar which confine malefactors, is that they are not safe. The spirits are more dangerous in than out. It will not do to leave souls under so little constraint. We need all the securities for good morals and good behavior we can get: we cannot venture to trust people who are counted as exempts from any social or human obligations, and who hold themselves above being arrested by Nature's police. We demand more pledges of honesty and good faith, and insist that the whole apparatus of checks and balances shall be brought into action. Who shall answer for the consequences of shutting spirits out from the healthful communion of the kindred spirits? Let them come forth from their tenet chambers and take their chance. Let them become amenable to public laws! We shall then know who they are and what they are about, and shall be able to prevent their doing mischief.

Neither can we afford to lose their power. Spirits out of prison can be of some use to the world. Spirits in prison are deprived of all opportunities to serve the world. They are privileged idlers; licensed paupers whom we cannot support. It is an expensive luxury to maintain so many creed-bound and church-bound people. They task the public charity. What a prodigious waste of power there was in the time when men dreaded and had not learned to use the expansive force of steam! While the spirit was in prison, it was a perpetual terror, threatening to blow the world to pieces; but since he has been liberated, he has done pretty much all the world's work, and kept the world safe beside.

What prodigious waste of power there was in the time when the common people were kept in prison! Under watch and ward, hedged in by bayonets; kept down by weight of castles, garrisons, armies, orders of nobility, palaces, thrones, huge piles of lords and ladies, and heavy kings on the top of that! No peace—no safety—no security—and no power. The people are loosed from that oppression, and society is safe.

The purpose of liberal thought, liberal faith, liberal worship, then, is to secure new guarantees for safety, new pledges for improvement, new assurances of happiness. It is to put men comprehensively and straightly under law. It is to make them feel the full measure of their obligation. It is to give them the advantage of every saving, sustaining, strengthening, and guiding influence. It is to make them accessible to manly and honorable appeals. It is to furnish them the joy and satisfaction of a developed nature. It is to make them feel the touch of spirits higher than their own.

Let none fear lest the spirits out of prison will be wild and lawless; that as the prisons are opened, the police force will have to be increased; that as creeds are widened, mental vagabonds and thieves will multiply; that as churches are expanded, the gates of hell will yawn wider. No, no. There is no escape from constraining law. The more invisible it is, the more it binds. The pressure of principles is like that of the atmosphere. Is there no air outside of your cellar? There is more air, brighter, and more even in pressure, out on the prairie. Are there no laws of thought outside of your dogma? They are all outside. Is there no Love beyond your communion? It is all beyond. Will righteousness not touch you if you go out of your establishment? It will not touch you till you do go out. "God has delegated himself to a million deputies." The universe is crowded with his detectives. Every man you meet is an officer in disguise. The voice of a sentinel challenges at every corner. The transgressor feels the arresting hand in a moment, and is warned off the forbidden precinct by an imperative command. God allows no unchartered libertines in his world. Break through his boundary lines who can. There is no danger of slipping over the edge of universal law. The globe is girt with adamant. Pain, sickness, suffering, shame, remorse, anguish, fears, resentments, jealousies, hates, angers, depressions, insanities, agonies of heart and spirit, stand guard at all the ways of life.

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The safety of the universe is secured by the Divine Omnipresence in the principles of things. A very little experience teaches that no city is large enough to be lost in; that the judges and the avengers, the guardians and friends, are always close at the side.

## Clothes.

BY R. T. HALLOCK.

A man and his clothes, in order to get on smoothly through life, must have a mutual understanding. They must support each other—must add dignity and grace each to the other. Who shall say how much of the world's over- or under-estimate of him is attributable to his hat? Dickens has shown us what a bare-polled, goggle-eyed, pig-headed old villain Mr. Casby stood revealed, when Pancks had sheared the pious locks and had cut the patriarchal hat down to a mere "stew-pan." The sight of an old-time costume (with which we are occasionally regaled here in New York) sends the mind back to days of old, and reproduces to the imagination the ten thousand antics that were once performed in it. When in church, from this irresistible dove-tailing of ideas, I am unable to look upon the "Man of God," *in full feather*, without being reminded of John Rogers and his nine small children. No sooner do I get sight of the "band" which adorns the neck of the holy man, than I see that ancient martyr burning away in the old "New England Primer" of doleful memory, and before I have settled the metaphysical question as to whether or not the "one at the breast" was a tenth, I have forgotten the text.

We daily meet with cravats which say as plainly as white cambric can speak, "My unregenerate children of wrath, I am in a perpetual agony of private prayer for you." Now, that bit of muslin might be an infinite source of comfort to its solemn owner, but for the unlucky fact that the aforesaid unregenerates have a knack of interpreting it the opposite way. They are too apt to construe it as a sign of perpetual pride rather than prayer, and as he reads their looks, it gives him something of the sensation experienced by Mr. Sparrowgrass when his nether garment was "torn in a grievous place," and is anything but promotive of personal piety and peace of mind.

No, if a man would be at peace with himself, let him see to it that his coat fits him. If his garments are too small, he feels badly; if too large, he looks ridiculously. Are you not aware that these things of cotton and wool and tailor-craft through close intimacy become infilled with your whole being? that they so take on your bearing and port, that, were they stuffed with straw and hung up in a cornfield, your friends could never look that way without thinking of you? So complete is this transfer, that, should your old, familiar hat, between which and yourself long usage has established a family friendship—your favorite hat—the hat to which you have lent your peculiar dignity of carriage, and by which you are pleasantly identified amid a thousand conflicting chapeaux—chance to perch itself upon the head of another man, it would instantly transform him into a Merry Andrew. I have never known a person grave enough to repress a laugh upon seeing a right hat upon a wrong head. The mirth, rightly interpreted, is the left-handed respect which all men pay to harmony. The moral is, Respect your clothes, and your clothes will respect you.

Never go to loggerheads with your coat. If you have outgrown the one you have, get a new one without delay. When your garments fit, they are your natural representatives. A good man's robe, after he has passed away, is a constant reminder to all his friends, of the virtues which once walked the earth in it.

The men who labor in the field or the workshop usually take the coat off. When it is necessary for them to expend much muscular energy, they find it convenient to have the limbs free. It is curious to observe that all good laborers in the moral vineyards and religious workshops do the same thing. There is a master-workman just over the ferry, who, when he has a hard day's weeding to do in "the Lord's vineyard," strips himself like a prize-fighter. He feels instinctively that he could no more do the job for the rank weeds which his predecessors had allowed to grow all the week and only attacked on the Sabbath with gloves on hands and limbs incased in Calvinistic small clothes, than could a holpped gelding make his mile in three minutes. So he strips himself to the buff and enters the field, not as a Calvinist, but as a man, and does the work of a man. He puts on his "five-pointed" habiliments only for fear of "catching cold" when he sits down to rest. This precaution doubtless serves to keep him

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out of the hands of the doctors; but its putting on, seems, unfortunately, to leave him in the condition of Samson with his hair off.

"Down East," in a certain city where it is said our most curious "notions" originate, there dwells a man, who, on first essaying to pull a weed known to ears polite as "the peculiar institution" out of the political department of the said vineyard, which by the bye it had overrun and bid fair to ruin, not only made the attempt in his Sunday coat, but felt his conscience deeply concerned respecting the temperature of Sabbath day dinners—to *eat* which (seasoned with grace,) was an act of justification; but to *cook* which on Sundays, was the work of the devil. It was only when he found that devil's work was done at tables where cold meat is eaten o' Sundays—not forgetting the communion table, where the bread is moldy from its ancient baking, and the wine has lain on the ice until it has lost its spirit—as well as in the kitchen, that he also "peeled" to the task before him.

Now and then our most respectable, that is to say, fashionable tailors, strip the clothes off the back of him who is bold enough to attempt this dirty work. They object, to the extent of bad eggs and brick-bats, to his doing it at all; but they are imperative that it shall not be done in a fashionable coat. It vulgarizes the cloth, is an impeachment of the religious gentility of all who adopt the cut. Why, bless you! except in extreme cases, they couldn't even handle the eggs, etc., their enlightened consciences suggested. Men in quite another fashioned moral garb—men who communed chiefly at bar-room counters rather than altar-tables, and in place of a long face, sported a red nose, did the principle handling to be sure; but then it was all in pious behoof. The eggs got thrown, and our blessed religion, by this splendid stroke of "masterly inactivity," was enabled to keep its clothes dry.

The Quaker garb, one would say, is naturally plain enough and large enough for one to do all honest work in; it was found so in the time of Fox; but Isaac T. Hopper proved it all too tight here in New York; that is, "Friends" pronounced it *all too good*, and so stripped it off, and left him to walk our streets clad only in the seamless garment of universal philanthropy.

Yes, if you would have peace on earth, make every man easy in his clothes. There are garments which whisper, to all open ears, "There goes a hypocrite." One whose externals are put on not to make him warm or keep him decent, but to hide his purpose. The poor fool, after all his discomforts, is anything but disguised. He forgets that, from within, outwardly, to his very boots and scented pocket-handkerchief, all that surrounds him is infilled by himself, and that the true man sees him through all; and what is the crowning misery, making his outward man a veritable Nemesis shirt, is the fact that he gets occasional glimpses of himself.

It is through this transfer of personality, if one may be allowed the expression, that the wise can not only judge the character by the cloth it wraps itself in, but can fit the garment *à priori* to the man. Why! how many Spiritualists in externals, do you and I know who should be Roman Catholic outside, as they are in affection, in order to be comfortable and consistent! And on the other hand, Presbyterians, whose creed would not make their souls a jacket? Men who have grown so large in spirit that when they move, their garment of sect bursts at every seam; how we long to see them in a larger dress.

True, there is a natural tendency to agreement between a man and his clothes, and this is reached at last without the help of anybody. It is accomplished in one of two ways. The working man wears his out or bursts them off, and supplies himself anew. The idle man keeps himself down to the size of his Father's posthumous apparel by the economical process of drying. You will see now and then, a "Friend" carrying this method to the sublime pitch of reducing himself to the infinite littleness of Episcopacy, whereby he is under the necessity of wrapping his soul in "The Thirty-nine Articles," in order to keep it warm, and let the world know that it still lives. In like manner I have known Spiritual teachers desiccated down to Universalists, with a fair prospect of still further reduction. The great objection to this latter method, is that, whilst it preserves the clothes, it spoils the wearer.

A man's possessions are just as large as his soul. If his title-deeds cover more, the surplus acres own him and not he the acres. This should be a hint to all tailor-craft. The growth of a human soul is a reaction against mundane circumstances—a fight against gravitation like the life of a plant. It is the ambition of all earthly things to bring the soul down to a level with themselves; and in proportion to the weakness of its resistance they invariably do it. Here then, you get the precise stature

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of a man. You measure him by his ruling affections and know exactly how large his coat should be, and what shape.

The law holds with the multitude as with the individual. The institutions of a nation are its garments. The church is its Sunday suit—the investing mantle of its religious ideas. Politics is the covering, wherein it enwraps its notions of social life—its idea of a state, its doctrine of human relationship on the earth—the suit it works in. Both of these are in some particulars a sight for the gods. But they blind no true eye as to the size and shape of the wearers. The Pope, for example, is bloated to the dimensions of holding the ponderous keys of heaven, with power to bind and to loose on earth. He looks portentous: millions tremble at his nod; but when you find that both the foundation and superstructure of Romanism rest on his three-story hat, you know that the potentate beneath it is just the size of it, and that the millions who kiss his great toe, are spiritual pigmies, varying in littleness in the exact ratio of the sincerity of their devotion. When Henry the Eighth revolted against Rome, Episcopacy swelled out to the size of England. But the dissenters saw that it was really no larger than the aims of the aristocracy, which were simply to hunt the foxes and eat the hares of the kingdom at the expense of its subjects. The sectarian is no larger than his sect—can be no larger. The ceremonialist is less than the form he reverences. He who sets up an idol comes down to the size of it. He who bows to principle, stretches out to infinitude.

The rule you see, is inflexible. You are below whatever you put over you. Be it the tiara and keys of a Pope, the miter of an Archbishop, the creed of Calvin or the coat of a Quaker—be it aught that is of the earth and perishable, down you sink to the size of it. The god you worship can lift you no higher than himself, and though you swell to the size of Æsop's frog, it is with nothing but wind. When one bows down to these things, he not only belittles himself, but is unjust even to them. Like the lewd women described by the Roman satirist, whose worship was so groveling that their god split his wooden back in sheer disgust, there is not a sect but has disgraced its clothes by the fervid zeal with which it sought to ennoble them. As simply clothes, or symbols which hint at truths, however remotely, the good-natured man views them complacently; but so soon as you elevate them into objects of reverence, the only truth they signify is that of your own feebleness. When externals cease to honor your manhood, they inevitably disgrace it.

True, the looker on who wraps his soul in the broad mantle of pure democracy, may perchance regret that all our cherished symbols point to *authority* by man over man, and never to the *equality* of man. But Nature, never having hinted by any especial superiority of structure, the rightfulness of one man to dominate the many, the advocates of that ancient doctrine were constrained to invoke the tailor. But for the triple crown and brazen key, how could we have ever guessed that there was a man in one of the cities of Italy who owned heaven and earth? It was the brass that did it, you may be sure; and it was the shaper of hats who confirmed his titles.

Now, all this symbolism—this show of red cloaks, red tape, black gowns and the like awful and sacred things, pointing as they do, directly *away* from a fundamental truth, as seen by democratic eyes, instead of toward it—cannot but raise a question for the holidays in the democratic soul. As the truth don't face both ways, it suggests that we either give up our "self-evident" equality or renounce the religious garb which gives it the lie.

But the mention of democracy reminds me of another most uncomfortably dressed sect among us, with a brief notice of which I close. It calls itself "The democracy." The principles applicable to the cases cited apply to it, and it has reached a like status in the estimation of all true men. Its name has cheated Europe, while its emptiness has done what it could to ruin the nation. It sports the mantle of liberty and equality, while it openly fraternizes with the cruelist despotism on earth, and impudently affects to believe that nobody can detect the hideous inconsistency. What a dress is democracy for such a monstrocity to bear about! with nothing left of virtue but the name, it has become a walking misery. It has dwindled to a mere locomotive "sandwich," bearing an open proclamation of its hypocrisy, knavery, and political cant. Men read it with the accuracy of print. It deceives only the fool. You listen to the public speeches of its apostles, and you feel that they belong neither to your country nor your age. With the robe of democracy about their shoulders, you hear them trample the principle under their feet; and as you gaze

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upon the oracle of the hour you can scarce forbear to cry out, "Sir, you have blundered altogether. You have mistaken your robe, your country, your age, yourself. Your mantle should not be made of the white name of liberty—it should be woven from the wool of old Spain and dyed red in the blood of Africa. The symbol of your political faith should not be the 'cap of liberty,' but a crown. You have lived your life backwards, and have drifted so far from all the living, that you have become a *phantom of the past*—the unhouseled ghost of 'long ago'—an embodiment of the soul of a Nero, walking the earth in the habiliments of Thomas Jefferson—a standing insult to all honest shapers of cloth—avaunt!"

## Baby Annie.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Baby Annie wants the moon—
The great moon, so round and still,
Peeping o'er the window-sill,
And she thinks she'll have it soon!
See her eager fingers work!
How their dimples come and go,
As her plump hands flutter so,
Grasping at the silver cirque.

Oh, she thinks if she could reach
Just a *little more*—that's all,
She would pick that shining ball
As her mamma picks a peach.
There! she has it! How she crows!
No: it slipp'd her! but there lingers
Liquid moonlight on her fingers,
Like dew shaken from a rose.

Ah, but Baby Annie knows
She can get it if she tries,
With her hungry mouth, or eyes,
Or her fingers, or her toes!
For they all lay hold and clinch
With a fluttering eagerness,
Seeming only just to miss
By the fraction of an inch.

Baby Annie wins her prize!
Though the round moon slips away,
All its light and beauty stay,
Held by foot, and hand, and eyes.
Stretching to the things afar,
Little bosoms swell with vigor,
Little hearts within grow bigger,
Winning more than moon and star.

Baby Annie, there are many
Fully grown, who in the blue
Seek, as eagerly as you,
Things beyond the reach of any;
If as purely seeking, surely
They shall find, or late or soon,
All the whiteness of the moon
Through their white souls smile demurely.

## The Kinder-Garten.

NUMBER THREE.

The system of primary education by object teaching, has become generally well understood within the past few years, and is now found in the primary schools of several cities and large towns, and in the State Normal Schools. It is similar to the Kinder-Garten system, but is not made applicable to children of a larger growth than those for whom the Kinder-Garten is intended.

The several volumes upon object lessons which have been published within the past few years, as guides for teachers and parents, contain valuable suggestions that are available and useful to the Kinder-Gartener.

In the children's department of the Allen Classical School—which was referred to in a previous article on the subject as the Kinder-Garten over which the writer of these lines has charge—there have been some girls and boys above the age of seven years, with whom object-lessons have proved serviceable as a means of education and an occupation for the half hour between the morning singing exercises and the movement plays. Natural History has interested them more than any other subject. Their lessons are illustrated with charts containing colored plates of animals, birds, fishes, and reptiles. The characteristics and nature of these are explained by illustrative anecdotes.

Charts of trees and flowers are also used in connection with pieces of wood from forest, fruit, and ornamental trees. By these means the children early acquire a knowledge of the animal, vegetable, and floral kingdom.

A mineral cabinet forms a part of the apparatus belonging to the school; but the attention of the children has not yet been called to minerals.

These lessons have served to quicken the perceptive faculties and cultivate close observation, whilst they lead the mind of the children to a knowledge of the causes of what they see and observe around them.

The half-hour devoted to object teaching is followed daily by a recess of fifteen minutes, after which, at forty-five minutes past ten o'clock,

PLAY OCCUPATIONS

are introduced, to which three-quarters of an hour are appropriated daily.

Tables large enough to seat ten children around them, have been constructed expressly for the Kinder-Garten, after a model obtained from Germany for this purpose. The space allowed to each child is designated by painted lines, while the whole top of the table is square ruled, for purposes that will be explained in a succeeding paragraph. A drawer is provided for every child; and the number painted upon the drawer serves as a guide to the occupant. During the continuance of the play occupations, the children occupy small chairs, each child being seated next to the drawer and section of the table appropriated

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to his or her special use, and designated by the number.

At the close of the hour devoted to these occupations or plays, the utensils and materials which have been in use are carefully put in their proper place in the drawer. In this manner each child has its orderly nature early brought into action, and every one learns to respect the individuality of the other.

The play occupations, the movement games, the marching, and the music, make up the *active* life of the Kinder-Garten. It is in these that the buoyancy and exuberance of spirits that pertain to childhood are brought into play.

During the continuance of the conversational exercises, the singing and object lessons, the children are quiet, passive, and receptive; but now, when they are seated around their own table, and industry commences, we hear the happy hum and natural music that well up from youthful minds, when they are engaged in an attractive and satisfying occupation.

It is important and even necessary to change the programme from day to day in order to increase the attractiveness of the Kinder-Garten through the *variety* of occupations which it affords.

### WEAVING WITH STICKS

is much enjoyed by the children, on account of the beautiful results they are enabled to produce as a reward for perseverance and the exercise of ingenuity. It is executed with sticks made of maple, birch, or other elastic wood; they are ten and three-eighths inches in length, two-fifths of an inch wide, and one-seventeenth of an inch thick. Ten are given out at a time, this being as large a number as is required to be used in any one figure, and by the use of this number the decimal idea is introduced. These sticks are united in various ways, so as to form a variety of figures or forms, without the use of any other material.

Skill, dexterity, calculation, patience, and perseverance, are all brought into play by this exercise, and when effort is crowned with success, a beautiful geometrical figure is produced, which may be suspended upon the wall and retained as long as desired, as a proof of the constructive ability of the child.

With this, as with all other toys or material given to the children, a series of questions are propounded, having for an object to develop the reflective, as well as the perceptive and moral qualities of the child.

"Of what is this toy made?

"What other things can you think of which are made of the same material?

"How many ends are there to your stick?"

By a series of questions practically put, the children are taught that the stick is long, narrow, and thin; that, like rattan, and whalebone, and other substances, it will bend; that it resembles a ruler, a yard-stick, a pencil, etc.

They are taught to make a trellis, and without destroying it, they may change the position of the stick, and thus change the trellis into a window, a picture-frame, or a fence. Many other things may be reproduced which are of interest to the youthful mind.

Some beautiful charts have been published in Germany, containing a number of geometrical figures which are intended to be reproduced with the sticks; copies of them are placed before the children, to guide and assist them in this occupation; they are also encouraged to exercise their ingenuity, and produce forms not found upon the charts.

Weaving with sticks is the occupation for Monday morning. On Tuesday,

### CUTTING AND FOLDING PAPER

places in possession of the children the enjoyment of the wealth of geometric and artistic forms.

Both the hand and eye acquire skill during this occupation, whilst new and varied forms and appearances dawn upon the developing mind.

Clean writing-paper is cut into square forms. A square is given to each child, who holds the paper before him, and in chorus counts aloud the number of corners. It is explained to him that two of its sides run in a perpendicular line, and two in a horizontal line. Many other matters in connection with it furnish topics for conversation and education.

The child—having been made familiar with the fundamental basis of paper-cutting—is required to double his square, by a diagonal line across the center, so as to form two triangles, the nature of which also are explained, and a triangle is compared to a square. The paper is folded again, so as to form other and smaller triangles. Cuttings are made with scissors in different places on the folded paper: these incisions are made according to a regular system, by which the most simple forms are developed first, and afterwards the more complex and beautiful.

When the paper is opened again, the wonder and admiration of the child are freely expressed, at seeing how beautiful a result has been produced.

In addition to geometrical figures, forms of use, such as a mirror, picture-frame, table, vessel, boat, bird, box, bag, sofa, chair, bedstead, and forms of beauty, such as a flower, star, rose-bud, leaf, etc., are produced by this process.

Economy and order are important traits of character developed in this play. Each child is taught to paste into a scrap-book the forms that have been produced, in symmetrical order with the cuttings that have fallen off, and thus every piece of the paper is appropriated to a *use*.

On Wednesday morning the occupation consists of

### PEAS-WORK: OR FORMS MADE WITH STICKS AND PEAS.

Sticks are made from pine-wood, the size of ordinary matches, but a little longer; others are made six inches in length.

It is by the use of these and the weaving-sticks that children are first taught the science of forms. The horizontal line is distinguished

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from the perpendicular, as illustrated by use of the sticks; and the minds of the children are also prepared for drawing lessons.

The children being seated at table, which is square-ruled, their minds have a guide in the lines, which indicate if they are laying the sticks straight or not.

Lessons in arithmetic, including addition and subtraction, are imparted during the occupation, also in forming letters, spelling words, and constructing sentences.

Children derive much pleasure from this play.

When the sticks are given out, the usual course of questioning is entered upon, and the interest is increased by inquiring of the children the uses of the articles to which the sticks bear resemblance, as needles, canes, fingers, straws, drum-sticks, etc.

Also, the abuse of these articles is presented to them through stories involving moral points.

Connected with this play with sticks, is a chart, showing the various forms, shapes, letters, and numerals, which can be produced by a combination of sticks of two different lengths, and which include curves, circles, and wheels.

These sticks are sometimes combined into forms by the use of soaked peas. The ends of the sticks are placed in the peas, and combined in such manner as to produce the form desired; as a bird-cage, a rat-trap, a house, a chair, a reel, and the letters of the alphabet.

This is one of the most interesting of all the plays that has yet been introduced into the Kinder-Garten.

The occupation for Thursday morning, is

PRICKING FIGURES UPON PAPER,

which ranks next to peas-work, in the interest manifested for it by the children.

Over a soft cushion of paper or other material is laid a sheet of clean letter-paper. On this is placed the pattern desired to be used. This pattern is then reproduced on the paper sheet, by pricking it out in dots with a pin.

When completed, a needle with colored thread is given to the pupil, and the thread is passed through every other dot, so as to present an appearance of embroidery.

The hand and finger-joints enjoy a beneficial exercise, on account of the pressure made by the hand, and the position in which the fingers are held.

Attention, concentration, and will are brought into action by the habit acquired of fixing the eye upon a certain point.

It also develops in the child a habit of observing and studying details, whilst it is well known that, ordinarily, children observe general points only, each dot requires attention, as it must be made exactly upon the line.

Children under five years of age are not able to advance very far with this play, as it requires agility and skill.

On cloudy days some other pursuit is substituted in place of this, as it requires a strong light to enable the children to follow it without injury to the eyes.

MODELING

in clay is the occupation for Friday; but the preparation for this not being so complete as for some of the other plays, another is often substituted for it. Wax prepared in oil is a better, though more expensive substance than clay. With this material children can be advantageously occupied while developing their artistic nature.

It is worthy of note, the simplicity and cheapness of the materials used in these play occupations, consisting as they do of such substances as paper, wood, peas, sticks, and clay.

The only utensils required are scissors, pencil, and needle.

The tables and the little chairs already referred to, comprise the furniture requisite for the play occupations.

The delight which the children manifest at finding themselves possessed of their place at the table, with their drawers and utensils, and materials for daily use, cannot be described; one must witness in order to appreciate it.

These occupations furnish a valuable comment upon the success of *industrial* play as a means of keeping the lower passions subdued whilst the ideality of childhood is being ministered to and developed.

They are presented here as occupying only three-fourths of an hour during each daily session: but where the children in a Kinder-Garten are all under six years of age, it would no doubt be well to increase the time devoted to play occupations, by substituting some of these in the place of object lessons.

Industrial plays, or play occupations, rank among the most important features of the Kinder-Garten. L. P.

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## The Constitutional Amendment.

Crowded out of the editorial columns, the conductors of *The Friend of Progress* cannot risk the charge of indifference to the greatest event of the century, by omitting to mention —what has, however, ceased to be news to the great mass of readers—the recent passage of the Constitutional Amendment, abolishing and forever prohibiting slavery in the United States and Territories.

For once, we cordially adopt the language of the New York *Herald*, in characterizing this as "one of the most remarkable, important, desirable, decisive, and momentous events in the records of this or any other nation of modern or ancient times."

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**Enoch Arden.**—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have placed the public under obligations by the issue of a neat twenty-five cent edition of this charming poem by TENNYSON. In this form it can reach every home, and should be universally read.

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**Hand-Book of Hygienic Practice,** intended as a Practical Guide for the Sick Room. Arranged alphabetically. By R. T. TRALL, M. D. Miller, Wood & Co., 15 Laight St. 300 pages, 12mo. $2.

The author presents this work as the result of twenty years' experience in the practice of the Hygienic System, and claims for it the merit of a simple and practical Hand-Book, for self-treatment, designed to supersede his previous works.

It may be presumptuous for a non-professional reader to question the excellence of a scientific treatise; but assuredly any one of the "people" may sit in judgment upon a "Practical Guide for the Sick Room."

Adopting the methods of this volume for a standard, the "Practitioner of Hygieo-Therapy" enters the sick room with a Medical Lexicon in one hand and a pitcher of cold water in the other. His first office is to explain to the patient the meaning of all the medical terms applicable to his case, and then to apply Hygienic methods, not one of which requires any such technical knowledge.

Let us quote from a page or two of the work, to see how one half of the volume is filled with definitions of useless medical terms and familiar household words:

"*Læmia*—Plague.
*Læmochlosis*—Yellow Fever.
*Looseness*—Diarrhœa.
*Low Spirits*—Hypochondriasis.
*Lunatic*—Moonstruck.
*Lunatismus*—Somnambulism.
*Lung-Fever*—See Pneumonitis.
*Lyssa*—Hydrophobia.
*Macies*—Atrophy, Emaciation.
*Macula*—A spot—Permanent discoloration of the skin.
*Mad*—Insane.
*Madness Canine*—Hydrophobia.
*Mador*—A Cold Sweat.
*Malady*—Disease, Sickness.
*Mal De Orimee*—A kind of Leprosy in the Crimea."

The volume includes valuable directions for the treatment of Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Fevers, &c., in many cases too brief and ambiguous, but often very clear and satisfactory. As a whole, however, the book seems more the work of a speculative bookmaker than of a Health Reformer.

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**Narrative of Privations and Sufferings** of U. S. Officers and Soldiers while Prisoners of War, in the hands of the Rebel Authorities.

This unpretending little pamphlet, containing the report of a commission of inquiry appointed by the U. S. Sanitary Commission, is the saddest, most painful record possible for human language to convey. It ought to be put on file in every library, public and private, and read in every family, that the barbarities practiced upon our citizen soldiers by the rebels may be understood by all who have a vote to give or a dollar to pay. A fund should be raised to send it abroad, to enlighten England and Europe upon the degree of civilization attained by the Southern slave-drivers.

The pamphlet is published at the office of *Littell's Living Age*, Boston. Price 20 cts. $15 per 100.

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**The Christian Examiner,** for January.

Contents: The Order of St. Paul the Apostle; and the New Catholic Church.
The Unity of the Spirit.
St. Francis of Assisi.
Under the Ban.
The Last Phase of Atheism.
Hawthorne.
The Eighth of November.
Review of Current Literature.

We have been especially interested in the opening article, by Mr. Frothingham, and the Reviews. But as usual, the entire number is able and readable.

Walker, Wise & Co., publishers, Boston. $5 per year.

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**First Semi-Annual Report** of the Association of Volunteer Teachers of Washington and Vicinity.

This little document from the pen of the Secretary, Mr. A. E. NEWTON, furnishes the interesting statistics of the volunteer efforts at Washington for the education of the colored people of that city and vicinity. The work of the Association is mainly confined to evening schools, conducted chiefly by clerks in the several departments.

To the operations of this society, and feeble movements by others, are the colored people of the District indebted for what few opportunities for education they possess. We know of no scheme of educational benevolence more worthy of support. Those teachers who give their time, deserve to be furnished with ample means to carry on their work. Donations may be sent to the Secretary or J. B. Johnson, Treasurer, both of the Quarter-Master General's office.

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**The Hygienic Cook Book.** By Mrs. M. M. JONES. Miller, Wood & Co., 15 Laight St., New York. 48 pages. 30 cts.

This little manual contains a multitude of recipes for making bread, pies, puddings, mushes, soups, &c., valuable not only to the vegetarian, but profitable to secure the reformation and purification of the American *Cuisine*.

A thorough trial of many of the dishes here recommended would convince the most skeptical of their healthfulness and excellence.

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# THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS,

## AS OTHERS SEE IT.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS.—We ought before now to have spoken a welcome to this new monthly, of which two numbers have been received. It aims to give expression to the most advanced thought of the time in respect to man's relations to God and his fellow-men, to foster and promote the piety which is "zealous of good works" rather than creeds and forms, and to be a medium of acquaintance and communion between the lovers of truth and progress in the various departments of human thought and endeavor. The editor is Mr. C. M. Plumb, who brings to his work high aspiration, an elevated moral purpose, and practical talent and experience which can hardly fail of success.

[*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

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We have received several numbers of the FRIEND OF PROGRESS, a monthly magazine, published by C. M. Plumb & Co., New York, and take pleasure in recommending it to the attention of our readers. It is a bold and freshly-speaking advocate of all good causes, and is favored with the utterances of such men as O. B. Frothingham, T. W. Higginson, George S. Burleigh, Edward C. Towne, and others.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

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TIMID TOM AND OLD GURDY.—THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS we have already noticed as a new periodical, just established, in the interests of freedom of thought united to spiritual reverence. The January number contains one of the most exquisite sketches drawn from the sad facts of city life. It is so full of pathos, drawn from the deepest wells of human feeling, so touching with the sinner's penitence, so irradiated by the glow of love from the All-Father, which glows and intensifies in the feeble, hunger-pinched frame of dear little "Timid Tom," that no one can read it without the prayer escaping from their heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner." We are sinners particularly in the light of "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my children, ye did it not unto me."

[*Christian Register* (Boston).

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THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS is the title of a new magazine, established by C. M. Plumb & Co., New York city, of which four numbers have thus far been issued. It is started as the organ of the "progressive" thinkers on religious and social topics, and has already enlisted a good deal of talent among its contributors. Rev. O. B. Frothingham furnishes to each issue one of his remarkably brilliant, thoughtful, and well-reasoned essays. Of the other more noticeable writers are T. W. Higginson, George S. Burleigh, Rev. Edward C. Towne, and Alice and Phebe Carey. Mr. Towne writes a series of articles addressed to Henry Ward Beecher, on the subject of his theological views, which are pointed and searching. The numbers steadily increase in merit, and the magazine strikes us thus far as an able exponent of the ideas which it is its mission to advance. Its subscription price is $2 per annum.

[*Norfolk Co. Journal*, (Roxbury, Mass.)

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THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS, for February, presents a very fair, indeed, more than fair appearance, and is an organ of which those happy people who believe that human nature can advance, may be proud enough. The papers are well-written, and are from the pens of those who are eminent as the champions of the advance movement. "Spirits in Prison," by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, deserves careful consideration. The article upon the Beliefs and Opinions of Henry Ward Beecher, by the Rev. E. C. Towne, is keen, sharp, and severe, and will be very much to the taste of every one, except Mr. Beecher and his disciples. Of the other papers, the most notable are "Jeanny Dunleath," by Alice Carey, and "The Bequest of Spiritualism," by T. W. Higginson.—*N. Y. Courier.*

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THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS is a 32-page magazine, neatly printed and tastefully got up, and furnished at $2 00 per year. Its aim seems to be to lend a helping hand to any good cause—any movement which is humanitarian and broad in its scope.

For the January number we are promised contributions from Mr. Frothingham and others. Mrs. Pollock has promised also a series of articles on the "Kinder-Garten," which, judging from the one in the number before us, will be of great interest and value.

The "Minor Topics," in which the versatile pen of the editor is seen, will be a feature prized by all.

On the whole, the FRIEND is a magazine which we commend to all as one of high literary tone, and of pure progressive spirit.

[*Freeport* (Ill.) *Journal.*

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[*New York Evening Post.*

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